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THE ASHES OF LOVE.

BY A. H. G.

"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never."
SHAKSPEARE—*Much Ado About Nothing.*

When rivers reclimb the mountain side,
When Time puts back for a thousand years;
When the moon and the sea refuse the tide—
Shall Love grow sleek on a diet of tears.

When the butterfly mourns o'er the shed cocoon;
When the corpse is a care to the soul above;
When the world learns to pray for night at noon—
Shall Love be stayed with the bonds of love.

Bred up together from childhood's time,
Fair was the girl and fearless the boy:
And each loved other as buds the Prime,
And Love reined kisses, and was not coy.

How happy their dream they scarce could know:
Scarce could they tell why a sigh was bliss:
Till years, bringing sternness sweet to her brow,
Gave a glance for words, and a blush for a kiss.

And their parents smiled as they saw the signs:
And the course of their love ran smooth and bright;
And its stream flowed soft as a breeze in the pines,
Till it babbled its vows in the pale moonlight.

Now hath he left her to win him a name;
Here hath he left her to win her a home;
And his letters tell of his constant flame.
And her heart keeps tune with, "Ah, would he come!"

His love words anon seem like echoes of love;
Of love that was first to a rival spoke;
Ah! who is faithful, if false he prove,
Or true, if his plighted troth be broke?

'Tis the first night of Winter, and Nature dies:
Dies with her hope, as she sits and grieves;
Tears flee the settled despair of her eyes,
While the blast pelts her window with withered leaves.

Hark!—nay, we shall listen for sighs in vain.
She burns her past treasures one by one;
And, mindful of joys that shall ne'er be again,
This torrent breaks forth from her heart of stone:

"If to the darksome halls of the dead,
On the eve of our nuptials sworn he had gone,
There should my heart have pillowed my head;
A bridegroom lost were an angel won.

"Were it death only one life had died—
All but my all; but now doth he live
To murder the honor of all beside,
Since his truth and faith no more survive.

"Stands he revealed as a bloodless lie:
He left me, and going, he backwards threw—
Swearing, 'All faithless, all false as I——'
A veil over faces brave and true.

"Ah, Parthian! making his cursed retreat
With slander shafts from a recreant bow!
Not yet can my heart the 'no' repeat;
Though well I wis that it be not so.

"And his leprous hand my vision anoints
With a wizard's oil; then points mine eye;
And yet I see only just as he points,
Though I know him a cheat, and his art a lie.

"He hath left me: and isles shall join their hands
To fish up forgotten continents:
Tritons shall blow their shells o'er the lands:
And the sea gods shall quit their settlements:

"The old-world comets shall reappear;
The south with the north its clime shall change;
Systems be blythe for their cyclic year;
But we, through the ages, forever be strange!"

CAST UP BY THE SEA!

By MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "East Lynne," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE FAMILY—THE CHAPEL RUINS.

In a somewhat wild part of the coast of England, at least a hundred and fifty miles distant from the metropolis, is situated a small town or village, called Danesheld. The land on either of side it rises above and overlooks the sea, higher in some spots than in others, and the descent of the rocks is in places perpendicular. There are parts, however, where they slope so gradually that a sure foot may descend easily, and in these the hard nature of the rock appears to have softened with time, for grass grows upon the sides, and even wild flowers. In ancient times it was a settlement of the Danes, and there is no doubt that the name, now corrupted into Danesheld, was formerly written Danes' Hold. Outside the village, towards the east, a colony of straggling huts and cottages is built, not close to the edge of the heights, but some little distance from them; beyond, may be seen some scattered mansions; and again, beyond these, rise the stately walls of Dane Castle, the castle and the village being about a mile apart. The castle is a long, but not high building, its red bricks dark with age; a turret rises at either end, and a high, square turret ascends over the gateway in the middle, from which latter turret a flag may be seen waving, whenever the castle's chief, Lord Dane, is sojourning at it.

The castle faces the sea, being about a quarter of a mile distant from it, and the grass-land stretches out smooth and broad and flat between it and the edge of the heights. The high road from the village winds up past the castle gates, and behind it is an inclosed garden. A little farther on, and almost close to the brow of the heights are the ruins of what was the chapel in the days of the monks; its walls stand yet, and its casements, from which the glass has long since gone, are sheltered round with the clustering ivy; traces of its altar, and of its once inscribed gravestones may still be seen inside, but no roof is there, and it is open alike to the calm sky and the stormy one. A picturesque sight does that old ruin present to the eye in the slanting beams of the setting sun, or in the pale, weird beauty of a moonlight night.

On the other side of the winding road, opposite the castle, might be seen all the signs of husbandry, ploughed fields, grass lands, with here and there a farm-house, surrounded by its substantial ricks and barns. And one sunshiny day in spring, perched upon a gate leading into a clover field, and doing something to a fishing rod, was a young man in the careless attire favored by country gentlemen. He looked about eight-and-twenty, was tall and slender; his features were thin and sharp, and his eyes dark, but they had not a very open expression. His velveteen sporting-coat was thrown back from his shoulders, for the day was really warm. Hearing footsteps, he lifted his eyes, and saw approaching from the direction of the village a middle-aged man, who wore the dress of a gentleman sailor. The latter lifted his glazed hat from his head as he neared the gate, but whether in courtesy, or whether merely to wipe his brow, which he proceeded to do, was uncertain.

"Is that Dane Castle?" asked the stranger.

"Yes."

"I thought it must be," was the comment of the sailor, spoken in an undertone. "Perhaps you have no objection to tell me a little of the present history of its inmates," he continued; "I made acquaintance with one of the sons abroad."

"With all the pleasure in life," carelessly replied the young gentleman, still intent upon his fishing-rod. "The family are at the castle now, Lord and Lady Dane, and one of the sons. Lord Dane more helpless than ever."

"Lord Dane helpless!"

"He fell from his horse last autumn, hunting, and the spine was injured, paralysis of the spine, I believe they call it. The effect is that the entire use of his lower limbs has left him, and he is nearly as helpless as a baby."

The sailor looked at him.

"No power in his legs, I suppose?"

"None. Lady Dane retains power in hers, though, and in her tongue, too," said the young gentleman, breaking into a whistle. "She rules the roast, now the baron's laid by."

"Which of the sons is at home?"

"The younger one, the captain. The heir is in Paris. He is a fast man, and a Parisian life suits him."

"There was a young lady at the castle. I forget her name——"

"Adelaide Errol. A wild, Scotch girl. I dare say you may have heard, for that is what she is styled here by the gossips."

"I have heard her called an angel," returned the sailor, with an imperturbable countenance; "nothing less laudatory."

The other lifted his eyes from his fishing-rod, and fixed them on his face.

"Then, if you have heard that, I'll wager it was from no other than Harry Dane."

"From William Dane."

"William Henry; it's all one; we dub him Harry here. The old peer is fond of the name of Harry, and rarely called his son anything else. Geoffry is the name of the eldest."

"I know. Is William to marry Adelaide Errol?"

The young gentleman raised his eyebrows.

"People profess to say so. The captain, gallant son of Mars though he is, has singed his wings in the brightness of her fascinations. He——"

"I wish you'd talk plain English, sir," testily interrupted the stranger.

The other accorded him a prolonged stare.

"Why, what else am I talking? Dutch?"

"Rhapsody—and I don't understand it. Is Captain Dane to marry the young lady, or is he not?"

"What a very unreasonable person you seem to be!" was the equable rejoinder. "Don't I tell you that it is said he will? He is *fou* after her—if you understand the French term in all its force; worships the very ground she treads on. If that's not English, I don't know what is."

"And she?"

The young man shrugged his shoulders.

"There's no answering for women. Perhaps she returns his love; perhaps she does not. My lady impresses upon her the fact that the Honorable William Henry Dane is no bad match for a portionless damsel."

"Captain Dane is rich."

"I wish I were a tithe as rich. Some

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The Ashes of Love.—"She burns her past treasures one by one."

arrangement exists in the Dane family by which the younger sons step into their fortune when they become of age, and the captain took possession of his; fifty thousand pounds."

"A large portion," remarked the sailor.

"It's not to be sneezed at. But he comprised all the younger children in himself, remember; sons and daughters, too. Had there been ten, the fifty thousand would have been divided among them. His uncle, William Henry, whom he was named after, left him his fortune also, for he had never married; and that was at least fifty thousand more. It is thought, too, that the gallant captain saves—does not live half up to his income. Of course, now that he is in England, visiting at home, he does not want to spend——"

"How long has he been at home? It is two years since he quitted the States."

"Aye; but he went traveling, we hear. He is a close man upon his own movements. He appeared at home about six months ago, saying he was come for a few days; but the few days have lengthened into months."

"Why did he remain?"

The younger man laughed.

"Ask Adelaide Errol."

"He and his elder brother are at variance?"

"And always will be. There's bitter blood between them. But for this mad passion for Adelaide, he was about to repurchase into the army. I can't think, for my part, why he ever sold out."

"Why do you term it a mad passion?"

The young man took out his penknife and scraped a spot off the fishing-rod before he answered.

"Random figures of speech slip from us at times; they convey no meaning. And now, Mr. Sailor, I must wish you good-morning."

"I thank you for your courtesy in answering my questions," said the sailor.

"I have answered nothing that you might not hear from any man, woman or child in the dominions of Lord Dane," was the reply. "The politics of the family are patent to all."

He moved away as he spoke, with that indolent, gentlemanly languor somewhat common to Englishmen of the upper classes, sauntering towards a group who had appeared in sight, and were approaching the castle.

An invalid-chair, in which reclined a fine-looking old man, whose gray hairs were fast turning to white. It was pushed behind by a man-servant in livery, white and purple, and a tall and stout old lady walked by the side. Behind came a man of noble features, who might be approaching his fortieth year, upright and stately, and far above the middle height, and a fair girl of nineteen, with large blue eyes and auburn hair, smiling and lovely, was chatting to the latter. The sailor recognized the livery as that of the Dane family, and at once divined that he saw Lord and Lady Dane; Captain Dane he recognized; and the young lady talking to him must be Adelaide Errol.

The party were not on the highway; they were on the greensward, and passed him at some little distance. Lord and Lady Dane both seemed to look at him, but Captain Dane never turned his head from the fair vision at his side. The young man with the fishing-rod joined the group, and fell into line on the other side of the baron's chair. And just at that moment another person came in view—a short, thickset man, dressed in black. He looked like what he was, an upper servant in plain clothes. He was walking in the road, and appeared to hang back, as if he did not care to overtake his superiors. The sailor—as we have been calling him all along, although he was not one, in spite of his dress—accosted him.

"Can you tell me who that gentleman is?" he asked, indicating the young man with the fishing-rod, who had just quitted him.

"It is Mr. Herbert Dane."

"Not a son of Lord Dane?" cried the other, quickly.

The man threw back his head, as if the question rather hurt his consequence.

"Oh, dear, no; he is nothing but a relation. *That* is Lord Dane's son, the Honorable Captain Dane."

He was moving on after speaking, but the sailor once more arrested him.

"Ravensbird, I think you have forgotten me."

The man turned and stared, and then respectfully touched his hat.

"Indeed, sir, I beg your pardon, but I don't think I looked at you. I took you for a sailor. We often see strange sailors about here. Colonel Moncton, I believe, sir."

"The same. Will you inform your master that I am here. Stay, Ravensbird, don't tell him who. Say a gentleman craves speech of him."

The servant touched his hat once more and hastened forward, overtaking the family just before they reached the castle gates.

"If you please, sir," he said, addressing Captain Dane, whose personal attendant he was, "a gentleman wishes to speak to you."

Captain Dane looked casually round, and saw no one.

"Who does? Some one in the castle?"

"No, sir"—slightly pointing to the gate where Colonel Moncton stood—"that gentleman. He bade me follow you and say so."

"Excuse me an instant, Adelaide," said the captain, as he turned in the direction.

She threw her bright, laughing gaze after him, and then bent it on the servant.

"Who is it, Ravensbird?"

"A stranger, my lady."

The two friends met, Colonel Moncton and Captain Dane, and their hands were clasped instantly. Colonel Moncton was an American, and it was in the States that they had first made each other's acquaintance, which had gone on to intimacy. They had been a great deal together, and corresponded yet. It was in this correspondence Colonel Moncton had heard of Adelaide Errol. Both had served in the army, but were free men now, and wealthy.

"Where in the world did you spring from?" uttered Captain Dane. "Have you taken a tour through the bowels of the earth, and turned up on this side?"

Colonel Moncton laughed.

"I invested some funds in a yacht, and must needs try her. We came over to England, have been cruising about the coast, and put in here this morning for a day's sojourn."

"A day! Nonsense! The castle won't let you off under a week——"

"The castle is not going to be pestered with me," was the interruption of Colonel Morton, in a graver tone. "I have received news from home that compels me to go back without loss of time. Pardon the seeming discourtesy, Dane; I cannot spare time for the castle; but, as I was here, I would not leave without trying to see you."

"You did not put in on purpose, then?"

"The yacht's master put in for some purpose of his own. You will come down on board with me?"

"I heard an hour ago there was a smart, clipper-built yacht in the bay, sporting the stars and stripes; but I never thought of you. I'll come down with you now, and have a look at her. I had a passion for yachting once."

"Talking about the stars and the stripes, what is that great flag for, may I ask, surging over the castle?" demanded Colonel Moncton.

"Oh, that is nothing but one of the old Dane customs," laughed Captain Dane. "When my father is at home, that flag waves there; in his absence, it does not show."

"One more question, Dane. Who was that bright-looking girl you were walking with but now?"

The color actually flushed into the face of Captain Dane as brightly as to any school girl's. His love was powerful within him.

"The Lady Adelaide."

"I thought so. And when are you to take possession of her—as we say of other things?"

Captain Dane shook his head with a smile.

"It is impossible to say. She is a capricious little beauty, and plays fast and loose. Sometime before the year is out, I suppose."

"And when are we to see you over in the new country again? Never?"

Captain Dane turned his face in surprise on the questioner.

"Can you doubt it? I shall come, and shall bring my wife with me; she says she should like the trip. But I shall not take up my residence there again; I must make arrangements for having——"

At that moment Mr. Herbert Dane overtook them, his fishing-rod still in his hand. He joined them, speaking a few idle sentences; but Captain Dane did not appear to encourage him, and made no advance to introduce him to his friend. So Herbert Dane walked on.

"That is a relative of yours," observed Colonel Moncton, when he was out of hearing.

"A cousin. His father was the Honorable Herbert Dane, Lord Dane's brother. But the Honorable Herbert got out of his money, and has left his son nearly penniless. I don't think it is of much consequence in the long run, for Mr. Herbert has a talent for spending, and would have run through it, if his father had not. A mine of gold, more or less, would be nothing to him, could he have his fling at it."

"Does he live at the castle?"

"Certainly not. A small house came to him with what patrimony was left, and he occupies it. You may see it to the right, as we walk on,—a low house covered with ivy. There he vegetates, leading an idle life—save for out-door sports. The worst thing his father ever did for him, was to bring him up without a profession. There was the army, and there was the church; either of them legitimate occupation for a man of family."

They walked on towards the town, beyond which was situated the small bay,—so small that no craft larger than a yacht or a fishing-boat could find shelter in it. She was a beautiful little thing, this American yacht, named the "Pearl," and was at the present moment the pride of Colonel Moncton's life. He was somewhat fond of fresh pastimes and fresh favorites, which reigned pre-eminent while his fancy for them lasted.

Meanwhile Mr. Ravensbird had entered the castle, and sought a companionship he was rather fond of seeking—that of Lady Adelaide Errol's French maid, Sophie. He was a dark, stern-looking man, with a sallow complexion, but nevertheless he had an honest face, and there was a kindly expression in his black eyes. Nobody could deny that he was very ugly; but ugly men sometimes find great favor with women. The castle wondered what pretty Sophie could find to like in Mr. Ravensbird.

"There's your commission executed," said he, putting on the table a paper which contained a few yards of ribbon. "Will it do? Is it right?"

Sophie unfolded it, and held it up. She was a neat, trim damsel, with rather saucy features, quick gray eyes, and an exceedingly smart cap. Sophie stamped her foot petulantly.

"If ever I saw the like!" cried she, for she spoke English pretty fluently. "I ask you to go and buy for me four yards of blue ribbon, and you bring me purple! I have told you fifty times and fifty, that you have not the eye for colors."

Ravensbird laughed.

"I did my best. Won't it do?"

"It must do. I wait for it; I am in the hurry for it. But don't you go and be so stupid again. Who was that sailor gentleman you were talking to by the swing-gate?"

"How did you see me?"

"I stand at the turret-window in my lady's room; I was looking out for you and the ribbon. 'He is taking his time,' I said to myself. Who was it?"

"A friend of the captain's; a gentleman we used to know in America. What do you think he asked me? If that Herbert Dane were my lord's son."

"He did not know better," responded Sophie. "I wish he were my lord's son; things might go smoother."

"What things?" inquired Ravensbird, opening his eyes.

"Well, I should think that you and your master are the only two in this castle who can't see, who have got no sight for what's going on!" uttered Sophie, somewhat contemptuously. "You think my Lady Adelaide will marry your master; he thinks so. Bah!"

"What is now up?" inquired Ravensbird. "What do you mean?"

"There is nothing up that there has not been all along," imperturbably rejoined Sophie, "but you have not got any eyes, and he has not got any wits. My lady's a flirt, she's vain, and she just lives in admiration; but she has got one in the corner of her heart that is more to her than your master and all his gold—more to her than the whole world. And she had him there long before your master came home, and upset things by wanting her for himself?"

Exceedingly astonished looked Richard Ravensbird.

"I don't know what you are driving at, Sophie," he said. "If she has got her heart fixed on somebody else, and is palming off false smiles upon my master, she's a worthless jilt."

"We can't control our likings," returned Sophie; "and her heart was given, I say, before the captain ever came here. But Lady Dane began to suspect that there was more between them than there ought to be, considering he was poor; and my young lady got frightened lest they should be separated, and he, or she, sent away. So when the captain came forward with his love and his grand offers, she made a show of accepting him, just to gain time; but, bless you, it was nothing but to blind my Lady Dane, and throw her off the scent. She'll never marry him."

"Sophie, tell me who you are speaking of? Squire Lester?"

"Bah! Squire Lester! She likes his gallant speeches and his flattery of her beauty, but what else cares she for Squire Lester? I speak of Herbert Dane. They are engaged in secret, and they love each other to folly."

Richard Ravensbird paused, and then, as past events crowded on his memory, bringing conviction of the truth of Sophie's words, he broke into a low, prolonged whistle.

"If this does not explain much that was dark to me! Sophie, I have wondered to see them so often together in secret. I have seen them walking together on a moonlight night. But I never gave a thought to the true cause. I deemed her childish, wild, fond of laughter and liberty."

"That is their hour of meeting. When my Lady Dane and Lady Adelaide leave the dinner-table, my lord and the captain remain. Then my Lady Dane falls asleep in her chair, and she steals out in her gray cloak, and meets him; and they walk about for ten or twenty minutes, as long as she thinks she dares stay. Bah! my young lady need not flatter herself I have had *my* eyes shut."

"I have seen them go to the ruins."

Sophie nodded.

"It's their favorite walk. Once at the

old chapel they can shield themselves from the curious, and pace about at leisure under cover of its walls."

"They are a couple of treacherous serpents!" exclaimed Mr. Ravensbird, in a heat.

Sophie laughed.

"You English say that all things are fair in love and war. One wise noodle will exclaim, 'Why does not that Mr. Herbert be off to the wars, or to travel, or to amuse himself as other young men of quality do?' And another says, 'What does he stop, moping at Danesheld for? why not he go elsewhere and try for a place under government or do something to amend his fortunes?' And I have smiled to myself to hear them, and wondered they did not look at Lady Adelaide, and see the cause."

"Sophie, it is treacherous, *treacherous* towards Captain Dane!" exclaimed Ravensbird, in excitement. "He is honorable and unsuspicious; and those are the natures that get played upon! He ought to be told: he ought to be enlightened: if nobody else does it, I will."

"My friend," said she, gently, "you just take my advice, for it's good: *don't you interfere.* Folks that tell unpalatable truths never get thanked. Let them battle it out for themselves; let things take their course. Captain Dane cannot remain blind long; something or other, rely upon it, will turn up to open his eyes, and then Lady Adelaide must answer for herself, and choose between them. But don't you go and break your head against a wall."

The man-servant was silent. He sat stroking his chin—a habit of his when in deep thought.

"Sophie," he presently said, "are you sure you are not mistaken? It does seem incredible that a high-born lady should behave so."

Sophie tossed her head and laughed at his simplicity.

"As if there were any difference between high-born and low-born in such matters as these! My Lady Adelaide's a deal less prudent than many a poor girl who has to work for her bread. She means no harm," added Sophie, emphatically; "she's not the one to run into real harm, but she is as flighty a young Scotch girl as ever ran wild on the heather: her spirits are high, and she's thoughtless and young."

"How came she to be living here?" resumed Mr. Ravensbird.

"How came she? why, don't you know?" returned Sophie, in her quick, impetuous way. "Her mother, the Countess of Kirkdale, was Lady Dane's sister. She was a widow, and when she died, Lady Adelaide came here for a home. She had no other; her brother, the young earl, a wild, harum-scarum chap, stops on the Continent; he is here, he is there, he is everywhere. Ah! it was a sad position; there she was left motherless and homeless, with barely enough income to supply herself with decent clothes. But for Lady Dane, I don't know what she would have done. She was seventeen then, and I came here with her: I had been maid to the countess."

"I thought those well-born young ladies always had some fortune."

"*She* hadn't. When her father and mother married he was a younger son—as you call it in England, and there were no settlements made: for a very good reason; because there was nothing to settle. He became the earl afterwards, but he was the poorest man in the Scottish peerage."

"So they are all three cousins!" exclaimed Mr. Ravensbird.

"Who? what three?" returned Sophie.

"Lady Adelaide and my master and Herbert Dane."

"Lady Adelaide and your master are; but you can't call her cousin to Mr. Herbert. They are—what's your word for it?—connections; nothing more."

Richard Ravensbird made no reply. He was boiling over with indignation at the duplicity practised on his master, to whom he was much attached. He was a man cool and phlegmatic in general manner, but capable of being aroused to gusts of fierce passion—and in that respect he and Captain Dane were alike.

"If you don't believe me," cried Sophie, fancying he was still incredulous, "go and hide yourself in the ruins to-night, and watch them."

CHAPTER II.

THE QUARREL—THE LADY'S SHRIEKS.

Whether in compliance with the suggestion of the French maid, or whether in the gratification of his own curiosity, certain it is that Richard Ravensbird did determine that night to watch the ruins.

His master was dining on board the yacht, and Squire Lester made the fourth at the dinner-table. Lord Dane could sit at table and enjoy his dinner as much as any one. To see him seated there, with the full use of his hands and arms and mouth and speech, no stranger would have suspected that he was held upright through mechanical support, or that his legs, covered up under the table, were powerless. He retained all his mental faculties; and he had ever been a man of brilliant intellect.

Richard Ravensbird had no service to render in the dining-room, and when once he had assisted his master to dress for dinner, his evenings were mostly at his own command, to spend as he liked; this evening his movements were entirely unfettered.

The time seemed to drag on with weary wing; he was impatient, and just before the hour, when he expected the ladies would be quitting the dinner-table he put on his hat and went out. He stood for some moments outside the gates and waited, gazing at the scene. Before him stretched the green table-land, the sea beyond it; standing, however, where he did, he could not see much of the sea. He was too low; on the right were the scattered villas, and the lights of Danesheld beyond them, and on the left the most conspicuous point visible was the old ruin. It was a fine, calm, moonlight night, and there was something ghostly and weird-looking in the ivied walls and glassless windows, as the moon shone on them. He stepped softly over the grass to the left in a slanting direction, and soon came to the ruins.

He went inside the door and looked about him—or rather in at the aperture where a door once had been. Grass was growing in places; an ancient gravestone or two, cold and gray, covered the remains of those who had for centuries been dust of the dust; and, at one end, part of the marble flooring was left still. Traces of niches and nooks, and of little chapels or altars, after the manner peculiar to the Roman Catholic places of worship, might be seen; altogether, these old chapel ruins would afford pleasure to the antiquary, and to those minds given to speculative romance.

Richard Ravensbird, however, had nothing of the antiquary about him, or of romance either; few men less; he was constituted of hard, practical reality. He looked keenly around in the nooks and corners, satisfied himself with pretty good certainty that no interlopers were lurking there, and then he crossed the open building and emerged by the opposite door, which brought him out on the heights within a few yards of their brow. He walked over those few yards, and stood looking down at the sea underneath; he was not so much above it there as he would have been in some other parts, for the chapel lay rather in a dell. Close under the rocks was a narrow strip of beach, extending for some miles on either side, when the tide was at its height, for about two hours this beach would be covered with the water, but at other times the preventive men paced it—for tales were told, and believed, of smugglers' work being done there.

These preventive men had each his marked beat, extending about a mile in length, and their pacings were so timed (or ought to be) that they met at the given boundary at a certain moment, exchanged the signal "All right," and then turned away again. Scandalmongers said that they sometimes lingered in each other's company at these meeting points longer than they ought to have done, took their seats under the friendly shelter of the rocks, produced pipes and a substantial black bottle from their pockets, and made themselves comfortable. The supervisor heard the rumor, and said they had better let *him* catch them at it.

A sad event had occurred the week before. The man on this particular beat, underneath the chapel, fell asleep, as was supposed, on his post, and the tide overwhelmed him, and carried him out to sea. The body was washed ashore the next day, and a subscription was now being raised for the widow and children, Lord Dane having headed it with five pounds.

As Ravensbird stood looking down, the preventive-man on duty that night came slowly round the point where the rocks projected, shutting out the view beyond. Ravensbird called to him.

"Is it you, Mitchel?"

The man looked up. He could not distinguish who was speaking.

"Don't you know my voice, Mitchel? Take care you don't go to sleep, as poor Bigge did."

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Ravensbird. No, sir, I'll take care of that. We think it's just about in this very spot as he must have sat down and yielded to drowsiness—if he did yield to it. We have been talking pretty freely among ourselves since he died, a saying the nonsense it is to make us pace this strip of beach. Why in some places it's not a foot broad that we have to wind round; and some of us think he's just as likely to have slipped off, and got drowned that way, as to have dropped asleep."

"If you can make the supervisors think it's nonsense, and take you off the duty, the smugglers will be obliged to you."

"Not at all, sir. We could be moved on to the heights up there, and keep quite as good a look-out. Better, I think; and there we should be out of danger."

"You must be very timorous men to fancy there's danger down there. A child might keep himself from it."

"Being on the watch constant, perhaps he might; but one gets off the watch sometimes."

"Thanks to what you take to warm you on a chilly night," laughed Ravensbird.

"No, indeed, sir, you are out there. We take nothing, and daren't; it would be as much as our places were worth. But when a comrade gets drowned, all in a half hour, one can't tell for certain how or why, it puts us up to think that what has happened to him might happen to us. I say, sir, don't you lean over so far; it makes me twitter to see you. You might be took with giddiness."

"I am all right; my brain is strong, and my nerves are steady. I like looking down from heights."

"It's more than I do,', returned the man. "And that would be a nasty fall. It might take life; and it would be sure to break limbs."

"I don't covet the fall. Good-night, if you are progressing onwards."

The preventive-man passed on, and Richard Ravensbird turned round and walked to the chapel again. During his colloquy with the officer he had kept a continual look-out in the direction of the castle, but had seen no signs of any approach. He took his station in the chapel, in one of its gray, dark corners, near to a window aperture; and scarcely had he looked again when he saw some one sauntering slowly towards it, whom he soon recognized to be Herbert Dane.

"Then Sophie is right!" he muttered.

Mr. Dane came up, whistling, leaned against the ivy that trailed round the doorway, and looked back the road he had come, whistling still. Ravensbird likewise continued to look, for he was sheltered from observation.

Presently, a light figure, swift of foot, and enveloped in a gray cloak, came running along. The hood was drawn over her head, and but for her voice the servant would not have known her for Lady Adelaide. Mr. Dane threw back the hood, clasped her in his arms, and laid her pretty face upon his shoulder. The indignant servant nearly groaned.

"My darling Adelaide!"

"I was quite determined to come to-night; and, see what a lovely night it is! But we were later than usual at the dinner-table."

"Is the gallant captain at home?"

"Not he. He is dining on board some yacht that is in the bay. Squire Lester is dining with us. Herbert, between all my admirers, I think I shall go deranged. I have pretty trouble to stave off attacks; the squire is growing demonstrative now."

She laughed merrily as she spoke, and Herbert Dane held her closer.

"The squire's nobody, Adelaide; he may be kept at arm's length, or summarily dismissed. The one I fear is nearer home."

"You need not fear," she impulsively answered. "I hate and despise him; he may be a man that men esteem and women admire; but because he has set his love on me, I hate him."

"He is the Honorable William Dane, and his purse is full," was the bitter answer. "No mean rival."

"Oh, Herbert, my dearest, why will you torment yourself? Don't I tell you—have I not repeatedly told you—that I only care for you, and that nothing, in the earth or above it, shall tear me from you? I will never marry but you. I am obliged to appear to tolerate him; I even give him gracious marks of favor to keep him in good humor, but you know why I do this. I dare not let my aunt suspect that I care for you; I am obliged to let her think I shall marry him. We should be separated forever; forever, Herbert."

"Things cannot go on long as they are going on now. He will insist upon an explanation with you. Stave it off as you will, it must come."

"Yes, I know it must come."

"And what then—when it does?"

"Oh, I don't know," she carelessly replied. "Let us throw worry to the winds, and leave the future to the future. Some one may have left you a fortune by that time, Herbert," she merrily added.

"Ah, that they would! that I might claim my darling Adelaide!"

"Why do you come so seldom now to the castle? I don't know when you have been there before to-day."

"Because I cannot contain myself," he answered, with emotion; "or I fear I cannot. When I see him paying you attentions as a matter of course, as though he made sure of you, my hands tingle to knock him down."

"I wish he was in that sea!" uttered Lady Adelaide.

Heedless words. Spoken not in wickedness, but in her careless impetuosity. Herbert Dane laughed, as if he would welcome the fact with all the pleasure in life. And Richard Ravensbird, from his hiding-nook, threw up his hands menacingly towards Herbert Dane, as though they tingled to put *him* in it instead.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE REVIEWER
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

English Men of Science: Their Nature and Nurture. By Francis Galton, F. R. S., author of "Hereditary Genius," etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

The intent of this book is to supply what may be termed a Natural History of Men of Science of the present day, describing their earliest antecedents, including the hereditary influences, the inborn qualities of their mind and body, the causes that first induced them to pursue science, the education they received, and their opinions on its merits. The conclusions arrived at will be found to well repay the attention of thoughtful readers.

The Life and Growth of Language; An Outline of Linguistic Science. By William Dwight Whitney, Professor of Comparative Philology in Yale College. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

This is the sixteenth volume of the "International Scientific Series," and is a very valuable contribution towards the important Science of Language. The subject is at the present time being considerably discussed among not only scientific men, but the reading public in general; and there are very discordant opinions prevalent as to the basis and superstructure of linguistic philosophy, and many crude and inconsistent views of language, which this volume will help to explain and unravel.

Paul Massie; A Romance. By Justin McCarthy, author of "Lady Judith," etc. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

A powerfully written romance, sensational, but well told, and the style bright and effective. It was published in England anonymously, and was very successful.

Love Afloat; A Story of the American Navy. By F. H. Sheppard, U. S. N. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

The scene is laid in the West Indies, when our navy was engaged in driving out the pirates, and is full of adventures. It gives a real and vivid picture of life on board an American man-of-war.

Bertha's Engagement. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

Mrs. Stephens, though a prolific writer, is ever fresh and pleasing, and this her latest society novel is distinguished by that force and vigor of style and dramatic element which have made her former works so popular.

Our First Hundred Years; The Life of the Republic of the United States of America. By C. Edward Lester. The United States Publishing Company, New York.

We are indebted to the author for a copy of this Great National History, which, when it appeared in monthly parts, met with a warmer reception than any other similar work yet produced. It is precisely the work needed at this period, when we are closing the first century of our national existence, and the world is asking what we have accomplished during Our First Hundred Years. This work is by no means a History of the United States; it is more than that; it is a Biography of the Republic; and written by one who has already won such honorable fame in so many fields of historical literature.

Ornamental Designs for Fret Sawing, Fancy Carving, and Home Decorations. By Henry F. Williams, Publisher, New York.

The interest and success attending the use of the Fret saw has made the subject of fancy carving very popular, and to meet the demand for new designs for this new recreation, this work of original and imported designs has been compiled.

The Crown of Life. By W. A. Ogden. Published by W. W. Whitney, Toledo, Ohio.

This is a new collection of sacred music for the Sunday School, full of original compositions, and judicious selections, by an author already widely and favorably known to the public as a composer. The entire music of "The Crown of Life" is easy, and yet full of melody.

Publishers' Review; A Monthly Journal, devoted to Books, Stationery and Music. John H. Bentley & Co., Publishers, Phila.

There is ample warrant for such a publication as this, and we wish it every success.

Annette; or, The Lady of the Pearls. By Alex. Dumas. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

Anne of Geierstein. By Sir Walter Scott. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

Westminster Review, for April, 1875. New York reprint. W. B. Zieber, 921 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

We are indebted to Governor Hartranft for a pamphlet copy of the General Laws passed by the Legislature of the State of Pennsylvania at its last session.

We can never really live pleasant days so pleasantly as they shine beforehand or afterwards in memory.

FACETIÆ

A MOVING TAIL—A hungry dog's.

BETWEEN two evils choose neither.

THE END OF EVERYTHING—The letter g.

WHEN IS AN ACTOR'S EYE LIKE A LUCIFER-MATCH?—When it lights upon a box.

WHEN ARE SPORTSMEN LIKE FASHIONABLE TAILORS?—When they make good "bags."

A YOUNG lady who was at the dentist's three times last week says, "Toothache is very demolarizing."

AN IRISH doctor lately sent in his bill to a lady; it commenced as follows: "To curing your husband till he died."

"HIS WORD AND SHE WOULDN'T," is the way they put it in San Francisco when a young woman declines a proposal of marriage.

A LITTLE four year old woke up very early one morning, and seeing the full moon from the window, he innocently remarked: "I should think it was about time for Dod to take that moon in."

ALL bachelors are not entirely lost to the refinement of sentiment, for the following toast was lately given by one of them at a public dinner—"The ladies—sweetbriars in the garden of life!"

"MY DEAR," said a husband, in startled tones, after waking his wife in the middle of the night, "I have swallowed a dose of strychnine!" "Well, then, do for goodness sake lie still, or it may come up."

AN OLD, old bachelor, upon reading that "Two lovers will sit up half the night with only one chair in the room," said it couldn't be done, unless one of them stands or sits upon the floor. And such painful ignorance pretty plainly indicates that he has never been there.

A VALUABLE RECIPE FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.—A very excellent colored cook was recently asked by a lady how she made a certain kind of corn bread for which she was famous. Her answer was, "Why, honey, sometimes generally I take a little meal, an' sometimes generally I take a little flour, an' I kine o' mixes 'em up with some hot water, an' I puts in eggs enough an' a little salt, an' then I bakes it jest 'bout 'nough. An' you do so, jess so, honey, an' you'll make it as good as I do."

AND now, ladies, hands off Henry Smith of Pulaski, Oswego county, New York, if you please. Would you ask why? Read:

the
March—1875.
13

I forbid Eny One Marying
Henry Smith
for I was Engaged to him March the 11, 1874 for if he gits married he Will haf to Suffer the Penalty of the law.
I remain ever his intended wife
Sopha Baker.

OUR OWN SPHINX

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

ENIGMA.

'Tis made of little odds and ends,
Of varied form and matter;
Such curious little implements,
Made subjects oft for satire;
'Tis patronised by ladies oft,
And frequently by gents,
Who get themselves up stylishly—
Regardless of expense.

But it is said that Nature gave
Exclusively the fair
This very thing wrought by man's hands
For silly swells to wear;
In woman's person it has power
Greater than tongue can tell;
It is to her the sweetest dower,
Born of enchantment's spell.

JERRY.

CHARADE.

We met when the sunlight
Was flooding the lea,
And flashed in the ripples
That danced on the sea.

We met when the blossoms
Made fragrant the gale,
The songsters' blithe voices
Aroused copse and dale.

Of all the sweet blossoms,
My love was most fair,
As she stood with a second
Entwined in her hair.

"Oh, give me that second,
Fair maiden," I cried,
"If my first is returned,
And if you'll be my bride."

Her eyes sought the ground,
And a blush softly stole
O'er her beautiful face,
As she gave me my whole.

I cherish that second,
Though withered and dead;
Its beauty and fragrance
Have long ago fled.

As I gaze on the petals
That once were so gay,
I think of a love-dream
That withered as they.

H. H. BOLD.

WORDS SQUARE.

I.

1. A pronoun. 2. Covering. 3. Indolent. 4. A fortune-teller.

2.

1. A verb. 2. Dry. 3. Worthless. 4. A famous garden. FT. TOTTEN.

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 49.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx," No. 43, Vol. 84.

CHARADES.—1. Matterhorn. 2. Blind Man's Buff.

DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE—

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      G
    R A G
  R A Z E E
G A Z E L L E
  G E L L Y
    E L Y
      E
    L L D
  L A Y E R
E L Y S I A N
  D E I T Y
    R A Y
      N
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READ.—Evening, Even, Eve.

A BENEDICTION.

BY C. BROOKS.

He held her hand one minute in his own;
Murmured, through parting lips, "God help you, Sweet;"
Left her alone; and in his vacant place
The twilight stole with soft and noiseless feet.

He passed away through dewy garden paths,
Flooded with waves of moonlight, weird and white;
And mystic scent of leaf-veiled lilac bloom
Wafting its incense to the soul of night.

Between the setting and the rising sun,
A drift her spirit wandered, till the day
Woke the new story of a life begun
Out of the grave of one that slipped away.

A twilight life, of gentle thought and deed,
Of selfless purpose and reliant prayer;
A spirit moving in the misty light
Of spring time perfume on the evening air.

Standing alone, her life was doubly blest
By this dead love, and love of sorrow born;
Till tender death sang all her soul to rest,
And merged spring twilight in the summer morn.

HARD TIMES!

OR,

The Real Victims of the Panic!

A Tale of the Winter of 1873–74.

By BURR THORNBURY, Esq.
Author of "Jessie Dale," "Ravenswood," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AN ENCOUNTER IN THE DARK.

"A single exclamation and you die," breathed the villain, in a deep, threatening whisper, as he levelled a weapon at Mrs. Chaswick. "Lie still, and you are safe; but you must answer me one question, and answer it truly. My object is not money or jewels."

This declaration terrified the lady even more, if possible.

"What do you seek?" she gasped, her power of speech returning, perhaps through the shock of her surprise.

"*Your marriage certificate!*" he answered. "Direct me where to find it."

"Why do you——"

"No questions," he interrupted; "I have no time for that. Tell me where the paper is."

"I cannot," she said, with brave firmness.

"You will not, you mean," he returned, displaying his weapon again. "You shall do it or die. Quick now! Is it in yonder small chamber safe?"

"I refuse to answer," she said, unquailing before his wicked eyes, that peered through his mask like those of a panther.

Why should this intruder desire to possess himself of her certificate of marriage? a document more precious to her than any material possession; precious only to her, it might be thought. A strange, awful fear—a sense of some greater peril than any to which she had yet been exposed, swept through her being. There must be some direct and weighty object in this attempt to rob her of the written evidence of the fact of her marriage with her deceased husband.

A resolution to die rather than surrender it was formed in her mind. The villain might murder her, as he threatened to, but her lips should not open to reveal to him the place where the paper he sought was concealed. The man appeared to read in her face this determination, for it showed very plainly.

"Do you prefer death to the surrender of that document?" he asked, in a low, portentous tone.

"Yes," she answered, with heroic firmness.

"I do not want to kill you, but I must have what I seek. I will give you one minute in which to inform me where I can find the key of yon safe—it is there that the certificate is, I am sure. But I cannot break it open without alarming the other inmates of the house. Therefore tell me where the key is to be found, or I will——"

He did not finish his threat. He paused suddenly, and an expression of alarm was visible, not of course in his features, but in a sudden start of his frame. He turned quickly, and in an attitude of intense listening, looked toward the door of the room.

After a moment's attention he seemed to be assured that there was danger; he closed the slide of his lantern, and all was darkness.

Mrs. Chaswick, overcome by the horror of her situation, sank back on her pillows in a dead swoon.

The villain who had so terrified her, was now in turn almost equally terrified. He heard stealthy footsteps ascending the stairway—not descending; he made sure of that.

Had he been seen to enter the house, and was his capture about to be attempted? If so, to remain where he was would be to make that result almost certain; he would be cornered, with no chance whatever of escape. If he could gain the stairway, he might leap past the new-comer, and make his exit from the house to the street, even though the act might necessitate the use of his pistol.

The hearing of the villain was very acute, and he noted that the footsteps were cautiously coming nearer. He had already partly closed the door of the apartment in which he was. Setting down his lantern, he next put his pistol in the breast pocket of his coat, and drew instead a weapon that in use would be more silent.

Then he peered with eyes that almost pierced the darkness, out into the upper hall.

Soon he caught sight of an ascending figure, revealed to him by the rays of a lantern carried by this new intruder.

Had it not been for one circumstance the affrighted villain in Mrs. Chaswick's chamber would have concluded that the other was, like himself, bent upon some deed of robbery; but he saw that the man wore an officer's uniform.

In his panic he forgot to consider that no officer would be apt to attempt his arrest in that stealthy manner, but would first call assistance, and not advance until a demand to surrender had been made.

But the idea that seized the villain was that the ascending figure was that of an officer who hoped to surprise him in his act of robbery.

"If I do not take him at an advantage to myself," reflected the masked intruder, "he may at least disable me, and that would be as bad as death. I must not be caught here alive. I will spring upon him the moment he approaches the door. Ah! he pauses! he turns to descend! Something has alarmed him, or he fears to attempt my capture alone. He will call others to help him. I must forestall that, I will spring upon him as he descends the stairway."

All this flashed through the villain's mind in an instant. Not a moment did he give himself to consider the daring proposition he had made to himself, but with terrific force he sprang to the landing, and in another second was on the shoulders of the astounded man.

The instinct of defence was strong and instantly active with the latter. A blade was already drawn, and he struck wildly in the darkness—for the lantern was extinguished—at his unseen assailant.

And there in the hall a blind and desperate struggle took place.

The advantage had been in favor of the villain who had made the spring from the landing of the stairway, but unfortunately for him, that very leap itself proved disastrous, for, though he crushed his antagonist to the floor, his own limb was broken as they fell.

We will not picture the horror of the struggle between those two desperate men. Each fought madly and blindly, but both effectually.

The noise of the contest soon aroused the inmates of the house—all save Mrs. Chaswick, who still lay in the merciful insensibility of her swoon.

Celia Burke was the first to awaken.

She felt that something awful had transpired or was transpiring, and it was with difficulty that she could master, or rather support herself against the sinking feeling of fear that oppressed her.

"What is it? oh, what is it?" she gasped in a husky tone of horror. "There is something dreadful happening—I feel it, I know it!"

She sprang from her bed, and rushed to the adjoining apartment.

"Mrs. Chaswick! Mrs. Chaswick!" she called.

But there was no answer.

"Is she not here?" gasped the affrighted girl.

She placed her hands on the bed, not thinking how alarming such an awakening would be to the lady if she were really sleeping there.

Mrs. Chaswick did not respond to the touch nor call, though the former assured Celia that the lady was there. At this moment Mrs. Jones, the housekeeper, appeared at the door of the room, holding in her hand a small night lamp.

Her terrified and questioning aspect attested her extreme alarm and wonder.

"What is it, Miss Burke?" she asked, excitedly. "Is anything the matter with Mrs. Chaswick? I heard strange sounds, I am sure; but further down, it seemed to me."

Celia, by the light of the lamp Mrs. Jones held, saw how still and death-like Mrs. Chaswick lay.

"Something dreadful has occurred, Mrs. Jones," said Celia, in a tone of bewilderment. "Has not Mrs. Chaswick fainted?"

"Dead away, I do believe. Call John and the rest, Miss Celia. Ah! here they come!"

And several terror-stricken faces presented themselves at the door of the apartment.

"Shall I call the police?" trembled John, who evidently relied more on others for protection and assistance than on himself.

"Do anything, so you do it soon," returned Mrs. Jones. "Our lady is in a dead faint, and I'm sure she's had a terrible fright!"

"As we've all had," added John. "What was that awful noise, Mrs. Jones. And didn't I hear a groan just then?"

"Spring the rattle, John, and we'll soon have a policeman or so to help us then. I think there are burglars or murderers or something in the house."

"Or something," muttered John, rather contemptuously; "of course there is something, ain't we here, and the furniture, Mrs. Jones."

"Do as I bid you," commanded that lady, imperatively. "We'll all be murdered yet, if we wait for you to prevent it."

John did as he had been directed.

Mrs. Chaswick partly revived, and was able to indicate that her chamber had been invaded by a villain whose object was robbery.

No one had yet ventured below stairs. A heavy groaning proceeded from that quarter, yet none of the trembling servants could muster up courage to investigate the alarming mystery.

The front door of the hall was found to be unfastened by the officer who was the first to respond to the summons for help.

Thrusting his head in he called:

"What's wrong here?"

A deep groan, almost at his feet, was his answer.

He recoiled momentarily upon hearing this startling response, but being joined by a comrade, the two entered the house.

"Somebody's murdered," said one of the officers. "Bring a light, you above there!" he next called, seeing that figures were a-stir at the head of the stairway.

The desired illumination was soon produced, and what a scene of horror was then revealed!

At the foot of the stairway lay two human figures, locked in an embrace that indicated the fearful character of the struggle that had taken place between them.

Amid many ejaculations of surprise and horror from those around, one of the officers stooped over the fallen form that was nearest him, and peered into the face of the man.

It was Cregar, the pawnbroker, and he was quite dead.

The other, who yet lived, though apparently suffering from some terrible invisible wound, was the man who had entered the chamber of Mrs. Chaswick. His mask was off, and the features thereby revealed were those of a much more gentlemanly-looking man than his late antagonist.

"What's the meaning of all this?" asked the astounded officer. "This man," pointing to the form of Cregar, "is dead, and the other is dying, or near that."

"They have had a struggle," observed the second officer; "met in the dark, perhaps, and took each other for foes."

"Is anybody in the house hurt, besides these two?" queried the first speaker.

"Mrs. Chaswick," answered the housekeeper, "has been dreadfully frightened; one of the men was in her chamber."

"Well, neither of 'em will trouble you again soon," said the officer. "What will we do with the one that isn't dead, Norton?" he continued, turning to his companion.

"Get him away from this if possible," was the reply, "these folks won't want a dying burglar on their hands. Go out

and call more help, Rydell. And you," he continued, addressing the domestics, "don't go into hysterics, but keep quiet even if you can't keep cool."

They had gathered around—all but Lena, who was never seen in that house again—terrified, horrified, and viewing, with many an excited ejaculation, the tragic spectacle presented.

Celia remained with Mrs. Chaswick, endeavoring to soothe and compose her.

In a short time additional help arrived from the police, and it was resolved to remove the dead and the wounded man at once to the nearest station house.

Here we may say that, though the design of Cregar in entering the residence of Mrs. Chaswick was never to a certainty known; but the unavoidable and terrible presumption was that he meditated the murder of Celia Burke, both to make it impossible for her to appear against him for the wrong he had already done her, should he ever be arrested for that outrage, and to debar her from presenting herself as the heir of Richard Burke, and thus bring to naught the further blackmailing of Moses Spiker.

The girl Lena was an accomplice of the pawnbroker, and without doubt had given him ingress to the house. The second villain had obtained entrance in another quarter, and, unfortunately for himself, at almost the very moment when Cregar was also entering.

When being conveyed to the station-house, an examination of the wounds of the surviving man showed that they were mortal. He was informed that he might live a few hours—until noon of the coming day, it might be, but not longer.

The intelligence affected him powerfully. For a long time he lay silent, refusing to answer any questions, and even to give his name.

He was a man of such gentlemanly, and even aristocratic appearance, that to know that he was guilty of an attempted crime of the low grade of burglary was a surprise to every one. Mrs. Chaswick had not yet stated that his object was not ordinary robbery. Why any one should wish to possess himself of her marriage certificate was a mystery to her, and trying to find some explanation of it, her brain was painfully busy.

Was Adaline De Graffe an agent in the matter? What could be her object, if so?

These and other questions disturbed the mind of Mrs. Chaswick very deeply.

Just after she and Celia had eaten their breakfast, or rather had idled over that meal while they discussed the mysterious occurrence of the night, a messenger came to the former, bearing the following communication:

"*Will Mrs. Agatha Chaswick meet Nelson Chaswick at —— Hospital, whither the man who attempted the robbery of her house last night has been conveyed? Disclosures of the most vital importance to herself and Mr. Chaswick will be made. Please respond in person without delay.*

Signed E. Harris,
On behalf of H. E."

Mrs. Chaswick read this message with paling countenance, and then said that she would go at once to the designated place.

The messenger departed, and, turning to Celia, Mrs. Chaswick placed the note in her hand, directed her to read it, and then to prepare to accompany her.

The carriage was ordered, and the two were soon seated in it on their way to the hospital.

Mrs. Chaswick was silent during the greater part of the ride.

"I cannot tell you what I feel and fear, Celia," was all she said in relation to the matter that was taking her to the presence of the dying man.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A STARTLING CONFESSION.

When they reached the hospital they found that Nelson Chadwick had already arrived there.

He greeted Mrs. Chaswick with a fervor that was evidenced more by look and the warm clasp of his hand than by words.

A wondering earnestness characterized his manner, for he felt that the strange summons he had received meant much to him, though what, he could not guess.

To Celia he was less demonstrative than to Mrs. Chaswick, yet the kindling of his face as he beheld her testified to the pleasure her presence gave him.

He had already been informed of the occurrence of the night, and briefly but warmly congratulated the ladies on their escape from a possible assassination.

The three were immediately conducted to the apartment adjoining the private room, where the wounded man, on whose account Nelson and Mrs. Chaswick had been sent for, lay.

Celia would have drawn back, but Mrs. Chaswick insisted upon her entering also.

"What is required of us?" asked Nelson, somewhat impatiently, for he saw that Mrs. Chaswick was becoming very painfully excited under the anticipation of what might be disclosed. "Be brief in this matter, if possible," he requested, in a whisper, of their attendant, "for Mrs. Chaswick is not in a condition to endure suspense or great excitement of any kind."

"She may be compelled to listen to painful revelations," said the man, "for the person who has sent for you declares he has a very strange and startling confession to make. Let me urge you both to support yourselves, so that there may be no interruption to it, for the man may die before he finishes. You may enter now."

The door between the two rooms was thrown open, and our friends entered.

They were requested to approach the bedside of the patient.

The pale, pain-marked face of the sufferer appeared to welcome Mrs. Chaswick with a smile of recognition.

"You do not know me?" he said, feebly.

She gazed with painful earnestness upon his features, but no look of recognition came into hers.

"Am I so changed?" he said. "Would that you had never known me, Agatha Chaswick, for I have brought much sorrow upon you."

"Upon me, sir!"

"Aye, Henry Elton, your husband's step-brother, has helped to cloud your life with sorrow."

"And are you Henry Elton?" demanded she, in incredulous surprise.

"I am he; years and evil doing have changed me in face and in heart. I reap the penalty of my crimes at last; and in this, my dying hour, will attempt to undo the wickedness I have committed, so far as I may be able, at least."

"Speak, if you have anything to say that concerns me," she implored. "I recognize you now, Henry Elton. It has been long since I knew you, but now your face I remember, not as that of a friend, but of a foe."

"You speak truly," he replied. "I have been your enemy for many a year. I have done you such wrong as one human being has seldom done another. Prepare yourself for a strange story, but one which shall in part bring you joy. I will speak first of your child, Mrs. Chaswick."

"My child! And do you know aught of her?"

He smiled peculiarly, and glanced from the face of the lady to that of Nelson Chaswick.

"Yes," he continued. "But let me begin far back, at that period when you became the wife of my brother. Yours was not a wholly happy bridal, Agatha."

She shuddered, for there were sad memories connected with that event.

"Yet it would have been," he resumed, "but for the hate and malice of the woman who wrongfully loved your betrothed."

"Of Adaline De Graffe!" she said, tremblingly.

"Of Adaline Elton, for she was at that time, and is at present my wife."

"Your wife! Adaline De Graffe your wife!"

"She had been my wife in secret six months before she met your husband. False to me, and holding me silent by a power obtained over me, she dared to represent that she was free, and endeavored to win from you the heart that was yours. I believe she really loved your husband, but that fact does not excuse her unfaithfulness to me. Marrying me for selfish reasons, she ought not to have complained when the barrenness of her achievement became apparent to her."

"Then Adaline was a wife at the time of her first meeting with your brother, who afterward became my husband?" questioned Mrs. Chaswick, eagerly.

"She was."

"And she had no right to give him her love, nor to receive his in return?"

"None at all; you misapprehended her position entirely."

"And—and was it really owing to her failure to achieve her object—the winning of the love of my betrothed husband—that she became insane?"

"Insane! She never was insane. She deceived you there most flagrantly. It was to a prison that she went, not to a madhouse. She was a woman of a hundred crimes; moving in aristocratic circles, yet she has been an inmate of the penitentiary."

"You astound me! Oh, is his mind not wandering?" she asked, turning aside to the physician in attendance.

"Not in the least, I believe; his brain is clear, though his physical strength is failing fast," was the reply.

"Do not longer imagine, Agatha Chaswick," resumed the dying man, "that you have been the instrument of bringing darkness upon the mind, and sin upon the soul of Adaline De Graffe, as I will call her, though she is my lawful wife. You have been sinned against, and that most grievously. Listen further. Before Adaline, under an assumed name, had become a convicted felon, she laid a most cunning plot against you, both to gratify her hatred of you, and to benefit herself pecuniarily. Your husband lived but a little while after his marriage with you. By the terms of his father's will—your father-in-law survived your husband, his son, a short time, you know—any male child born to you was to inherit the greater portion of old Mr. Chaswick's estate, while I and my children, were I to have any, were to receive little or nothing. It was right, perhaps, for I, as his step-son (Chaswick is my name only by adoption), had little claim upon his property and none on his affections. But the will further provided that in case no son was born to you, but a daughter, only a small portion of the property should descend to her. Adaline devised a plot to make the latter contingency a certainty. You were in the power of her hired agents—under the influence of their infernal drugs and subtle potions, months before your child was born. You know nothing—you were weak and tractable in their hands. Later, your regular physician was bribed to assist in the plot. When your child was born you believed you gave birth to a daughter—you did not, but to a son. Your own child was taken from you, and another—an infant girl, obtained for the purpose—substituted in its place. The child you believed to be your daughter, was afterwards stolen from you by its own mother—after you had learned to love it as your own. Its fate does not now concern you."

"But my real child—my son?" gasped the excited lady.

"A poor woman took charge of it, and for years was paid to maintain it."

"Is he living now?"

"He is."

"Oh, where shall I find him? My child! my child! be it son or daughter, I implore you to give me back my long-lost darling!"

"You have not far to look," said the dying man, solemnly.

He turned his eyes upon Nelson Chaswick, who was trembling violently.

"Behold him there," said Henry Elton.

They looked into each other's eyes—the two who had so often and so mysteriously felt the drawing of the cords of love and ungnessed kinship.

"My son!"

"My mother!"

And they were in each other's arms, while tears of joy rained down each other's cheeks like some sun-lighted April cloud, whose partial gloom but heralds a coming glory of perfect peace and brightness.

After the weary years of parting they knew each other at last.

And who could doubt, as they beheld them, that this strange story told by the dying Henry Elton was true.

Even he wept to see their joy—he, the sinful man who had lent himself to the wickedness that had brought such sorrow to a mother's heart.

When Mrs. Chaswick and Nelson grew more calm, Henry Elton proceeded with his confession, for he had not told all yet.

"It was now believed that no male heir to the estate of old Mr. Chaswick existed, consequently the property came to me. The bold and cunning plot to enrich ourselves having succeeded, Adaline and myself went to Europe, where we lived as man and wife—which we lawfully were. But she soon deserted me, and returned to this country, never acknowledging that she was my wife, for she never loved me, but felt the bond between us as one of restraint. Yet she used me for her own purposes—to obtain wealth—keeping me silent while she pursued as she pleased her selfish and wicked course. She is a consummate actor, and has appeared in society under a dozen different *aliases*, always the brilliant, beautiful, unprincipled adventuress. Her hate for you never smoldered; she charged you secretly with the commission of a terrible crime——"

"Oh, do not name it," pleaded Mrs. Chaswick. "God knows that I am innocent, though human judges might be made to think that I am not."

"God knows you are innocent, and He knows that Adaline De Graffe is guilty. She it was who committed that dreadful crime, and yet contrived to throw suspicion on you. Your sister stood in the way of the accomplishment of one of Adaline's wicked schemes, and to remove her she struck her down with a deadly drug, whose slow, strange influence was none the less fatal. By your hands, at times, this subtle poison was administered, though you were as innocent as any child of a knowledge of what you were doing."

"Yet, Heaven pity me," wailed poor Mrs. Chaswick, "my dear sister died, believing that *I* desired and caused her death!"

"Yes, it is the truth; but in the other land she cannot think you guilty of the deed she here imagined that you were. For Adaline, to cause you utter misery, contrived that you should afterward believe that your sister was aware of what agency was employed to take her life, and that she thought *you* a voluntary instrument in the performance of the deed."

"Oh, my dear, dead sister! how patient, how loving still she was, though believing me capable of an awful crime! She died with not one word nor look of reproach; yet I never understood till later what her dying message of forgiveness meant."

"She knows your innocence now," said Henry Elton, "even as God always knew it. In the hereafter you will have no guilt like mine to answer for. Hear me further: When Adaline, a few weeks since, unexpectedly met you in this city, and in the company of your son—though as yet you knew not that it was he—she feared that sooner or later the relationship between you and him would be discovered. To make that relation a bitterness to you, instead of a joy, if it should ever be made, Adaline resolved to destroy every proof of your marriage with Herbert Chaswick. If the certificate of the marriage could once be obtained—and with that object I visited your chamber—the rest would be easy. The clergyman who performed the ceremony is dead, the witnesses few and unknown, the church registry containing the record is destroyed, and you would have found it very hard to prove that you were ever the wife of Herbert Chaswick. Adaline was merciless."

"I see the object of her malevolence," said Mrs. Chaswick, sighing deeply as she comprehended this fresh proof of her enemy's intentions. "She would have wronged you, also, Henry Elton, for to pain me further she would have forced my son into a marriage with her, and *then* revealed to me that he *is* my son. Oh, what misery would that have been! my son the husband of Adaline De Graffe!"

"While *I*, her true husband," said Henry Elton, with a flash of indignant hate in his dying eyes, "would have been compelled to witness the outrage to myself. Oh! I have been that wicked woman's slave too long! And this is what she has brought me to at last—death, dark death, in the shadow of crimes by her suggested—and commanded."

He lay silent on his pillow for a time after uttering these words.

There was silence in the group around him, broken at length by a question from Nelson Chaswick:

"Can you tell me why it was that my rightful name of Chaswick was given me?" he inquired.

"Because," answered Henry Elton, "it was thought that there was no danger in permitting you to retain that. None but those in the secret knew that the deceased Herbert Chaswick was your father. His only child was supposed to be a daughter. Your sex disguised you completely, therefore we let you take the name that was yours by right of birth."

"And did you follow my fortunes through poverty, wretchedness, and ignorance up to the time when a happy chance made me the protege of Edward Lamoyle?"

"Yes, *I* never lost sight of you. I can give you the whole history of your life from the day of your birth up to the present time."

"And can you give me proofs—legal proofs—of the fact that I am the son of this lady?"

"At No. ——, —— street, among my papers and effects, you will find the address of parties whose testimony will prove all that you desire. You cannot doubt the truth of my dying statement?"

His eyes turned toward both Mrs. Chaswick and Nelson.

"No, no," they both answered quickly.

"It is only such proof of the fact as will satisfy the world that I now seek," added the latter.

"You will find it," said Henry Elton, confidently. "Now will you both forgive me for the wrong I have done you? I have only strength to ask that."

"We do," answered both, "and may Heaven do the same."

"For all my crimes," he murmured in a failing breath.

Our friends now withdrew from the sad scene, Nelson supporting his mother, and the physician conducting Celia from the room.

After a brief period of rest in a lower apartment, they left the hospital to enter their carriage to return home. In the deep and solemn joy of their reunion, mother and son said but little. Celia felt that silence also became her, greatly as she rejoiced to witness the happiness of the re-united ones. The carriage was hardly in motion, homeward rolling, before a group of men was approached, gathered round some object in the street.

They saw that an accident of some kind had occurred, and that some one had been injured. A female figure appeared to be borne in the midst of the crowd, just now in motion.

Looking from the carriage window, Nelson Chaswick caught a glimpse of her features.

"Merciful heaven!" he exclaimed; "it is Adaline De Graffe!"

The carriage halted.

"What has occurred?" he asked, excitedly.

"A runaway, and a lady killed," was the answer he received from a gentleman near.

"Her name?" he asked, to make sure that he had not mistaken the face he had seen.

"De Graffe, I believe," said his informant. "She was on her way in great haste to the hospital just above to see a dying man there, when the horses took fright, ran away and threw her out, killing her and breaking the leg of her coachman."

Mrs. Chaswick heard the words.

"God pity and forgive her!" she murmured; "her unhappy life is ended; may she find peace in the hereafter."

The carriage containing our friends drove on, and they were soon under the roof of home—home now to all.

And as they entered it, from the lips of those two again burst the joyous words:

"My son!"

"My mother!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CONCLUSION.

Weeks have passed since the events recorded in the previous chapter, and the situation of the various surviving characters of our story has altered in nearly every case.

The identity of Nelson Chaswick as the son of Mrs. Chaswick was established beyond a doubt, not only to a moral certainty, but legally also. The statements of the dying Henry Elton were found to be true.

Mother and son were joyously united, and the shadow in which the former had lived was forever withdrawn. Mrs. Chaswick lost her dream of a daughter, but she found instead a noble, loving son, in whose rich manhood nothing was lacking to give her happiness.

But was she to be without a daughter's love, knowing now that her stolen infant had not been of the sex she had supposed? No; Celia Burke would supply that want; the more intimately and satisfactorily since she was now the betrothed of Nelson Chaswick. Won by her many womanly qualities, by her modesty, truth and simple worth, he had asked her to be his wife, feeling that with her his happiness would be safe.

No longer the obscure and friendless sewing-girl, Celia Burke's lot in life had indeed been changed. Even wealth in her own right, would she accept it, would be hers, for she was heiress to one-fourth of the estate left by her uncle, heretofore claimed and held by the usurping Moses Spiker. But that individual's villainy was now brought to an end. Upon the recovery of Mr. Marshall, the second will made by Richard Burke was produced, and under its provisions Celia could have claimed the entire estate.

But she thought of her wronged cousin, who might yet be living, perhaps in poverty. Accordingly another advertisement went out far and wide for the daughter of Richard Burke, if she be yet alive.

As has already been intimated to the reader, Mary Woodson was that person. The advertisement met her husband's eye; both he and she applied to learn its meaning—and found such unexpected fortune as rarely falls to the lot of those who have no "great expectations." Hard times were over for them at last.

But what rejoiced good Mary Woodson most was to find in Celia Burke a relative so unselfish, noble and just. She would not accept one dollar of her cousin's recovered inheritance. What need of more wealth had she now, the daughter in affection and soon to be in law of Agatha Chaswick?

Nevertheless, Mary Woodson insisted upon her accepting the named one-fourth of the estate.

"What will we do with all?" she asked. "It will spoil us, I fear; for wealth like poverty has its perils."

True enough; yet the womanly wisdom of Mrs. Woodson, and the strong good sense of her husband may be relied upon to direct them in making the best use of their large and suddenly acquired means.

Freddie was no longer necessitated to sell papers, and was accordingly released from that somewhat distasteful business, and became a regular attendant at one of the best of the city schools.

We must not forget the Colvilles.

Mr. Colville's affliction proved but temporary. He returned from the asylum to find a more favorable aspect to his business affairs.

Compelled in part by public sentiment, and in part by a threat of the law, Andrew Burton and Stephen Moore had conveyed their private resources—dishonestly set aside for the benefit of themselves and families, to the loss of their creditors—to the assets of the firm. This restoration of abstracted funds enabled the firm to make what was called "an honorable settlement," with something left in favor of Mr. Colville. His course during his difficulties came at last to be understood among those most intimately concerned, and he was restored to his former standing in the business world. Freed from damaging suspicion, capital was obtained for him, and to-day he is manfully and successfully endeavoring to retrieve what he lost during the disastrous panic.

Eva Colville is no longer in the gallery, but, the promised wife of true-hearted Elwood Weston, looks forward with joy to the hour when he shall claim her hand.

Lucy Colville, fretful, weak and discontented still, instead of rejoicing at her sister's happiness, only envies her.

Mrs. Colville is calmly happy in the enjoyment of the better prospects for her family.

Helen Deane is married, and to the son of Andrew Burton. Her dream of marrying rich ended in her becoming the wife of a comparatively poor man so far as wealth is concerned, and a decidedly poor one so far as worth is concerned.

Madame Derveux fled from the city, followed by her daughter, and will probably not think it safe very soon to return. Some dark suspicions attach to the plotting *modiste*.

Moses Spiker also disappeared, and it is not likely that he will ever trouble any of our friends again. It was found that with the income from the estate he had fraudulently obtained he had made considerable investments in city property, of all of which he will be by legal process deprived, as it rightfully belongs to the main estate.

The long winter—a winter that brought suffering and want to thousands of whose trials the world never heard—passed at last. Spring, as it naturally does—for it is a season of hope—brought brighter prospects; but long in the minds of many will linger recollections of the "Hard Times of 1873-74"—of many who were the real victims of the Great Panic.

[THE END.]

PAT MURPHY'S DILEMMA.

One day, in attending to applications for situations in the police force, the mayor of a certain town, it was supposed, was about to invest Patrick Murphy with a star, when some of his Irish competitors outside the railings cried out:

"Are you goin' to 'p'int Pat, yer honor! He can't write his name, yer honor!"

"I am only receiving applications today; in a fortnight we make appointments," said the mayor; and Pat was told to call on that day two weeks.

The friend through whose influence Pat had been induced to apply for the office said to him, as they came away from the hall:

"Now, Pat, go home; and every night do you get a big piece of paper and a good stout pen, and keep writing your name. I'll set the copy for you."

Pat did as directed, and every night for a fortnight was seen putting out his tongue and swaying his head over "Patrick Murphy," "Patrick Murphy," in the style of chirography generally known as "coarse hand."

When the day for the appointment came, Pat found himself before the mayor, and urged his claim.

"Can you write?" said that excellent functionary.

"Troth, an' it's meself that jist kin," answered Pat.

"Take that pen," said the mayor, "and let us see you write. Write your name."

He took the pen as directed, when a sort of exclamatory laugh burst from his surprised competitors, who were in attendance:

"Howly Paull D'ye mind that, Mike? Pat's a-writin'—he's got a quill in his fist!"

"So he has, be jabers!" said Mike. "But small good it will do him; he can't write wid it, man."

But Pat did write; he had recorded his name in a bold, round hand.

"That'll do," said the mayor.

His foiled rivals looked in each other's faces with undisguised astonishment. A lucky thought struck them.

"Ask him to write somebody else's name, yer honor," said two of them in a breath.

"That's well thought of," remarked the mayor. "Pat, write my name."

Here was a dilemma; but Pat was equal to it.

"Me write yer honor's name!" exclaimed he, with well-dissembled holy horror. "Me commit forgery, and a-goin' on the pelise! I can't do it, yer honor!"

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

A STRONG solution of sulphate of magnesia gives a beautiful quality to whitewash.

POWDERED alum and salt, in equal parts, dropped into an aching tooth, are said to be an infallible remedy.

A LITTLE camphene dropped between the neck and stopper of a glass bottle will render the latter easily removed if jammed fast.

A TEASPOONFUL of powdered borax dissolved in a quart of tepid water is good for cleaning old black dresses of silk, cashmere or alpaca.

TO MAKE silk which has been wrinkled appear like new, sponge on the surface with a weak solution of gum arabic or white glue, and iron on the wrong side.

A GOOD white cement for marble is made of 8 parts resin and 1 part wax, to which, when well melted together, 4 parts plaster of Paris are added. Use while hot.

A GOOD cement for mending broken crockery ware may be made by mixing together equal quantities of melted glue, white of eggs and white lead, and boiling them together.

FROSTED GLASS, useful for screens, etc., is made by laying the sheets horizontally and covering them with a strong solution of sulphate of zinc. The salt crystalizes on drying.

KEEPING PRESERVES.—It is said that to set newly-made preserves for several days open in the sun is one of the best methods of making them keep through the summer unfermented.

TO WASH calico without fading, infuse 3 gills of salt in 4 quarts of water. Put in the calico while the solution is hot, and leave until the latter is cold. It is said that in this way the colors are rendered permanent, and will not fade by subsequent washing.

NEVER take a cold bath when tired; the system requires heat—so that tepid water should be used. Baths should never be taken immediately after eating. It is best to wait until two or three hours afterwards. Cold drinks should never be taken before going into water.

TO CLEAN cider barrels, pour in lime water, and then insert a trace chain through the bung-hole, remembering to fasten a strong cord on the chain so as to pull it out again. Shake the barrel until all the mold inside is rubbed off. Rinse with water, and finally pour in a little whisky.

THE COMPLEXION.—The simplest and best cosmetic for the complexion is this: Mix glycerine with water, together with a small quantity of alcohol; add cologne, or other perfume. If you choose you can substitute fresh lemon juice—only a few drops—for the alcohol, and afterwards apply toilet powder. Some ladies use nothing else.

LOSING THE VOICE.—When the voice is lost, as is sometimes the case, from the effects of a cold, a simple, pleasant remedy is furnished by beating up the white of one egg, adding to it the juice of one lemon, and sweetening it with white sugar to taste. Take a teaspoonful from time to time. Inhaling sal volatile is also a good remedy.

A GOOD DENTIFRICE.—Dissolve two ounces of borax in three pints of boiling water; before quite cold add one tablespoonful of tincture of myrrh, and one tablespoonful of spirits of camphor. Bottle the mixture for use. Add one wineglassful of the solution to half a pint of tepid water, and use it daily. It preserves and beautifies the teeth and arrests decay.

REMEDY FOR POISON VINE.—When but slightly poisoned, any alkali dissolved in water, will hasten a cure. Aqua ammonia, rubbed on frequently, is the best. If swelling ensues, treat the same as a burn. Stramonium leaves, pounded and bound on the poisoned place, are an excellent remedy, or an ointment made by boiling the leaves down and mixing the residue with lard, is equally good.

NEWS OF INTEREST

THE Mecklenburg Centennial Celebration, at Charlotte, N. C., was a grand success.

A BRIDAL veil just invented by a Russian gives the bride the appearance of an angel, wings and all.

IT is calculated that there are not fewer than 8,000,000 wage-earning women in Great Britain and Ireland.

A LADY correspondent describes the new society bow as executed among the Washington belles. She says that to bend the head, except to acknowledged superiors, is out of fashion. The lady looks you coolly in the face, smiles as sweetly as she can and gently inclines her head towards the right shoulder, with a little backward movement at the same time. A slight, Frenchy shrug heightens the effect.

AN extraordinary new musical instrument, called the pyrophone, invented by M. Kastner, of Paris, has been exhibited at the Society of Arts. The notes are produced by the singing of gas jets in glass tubes, and are sweet and pure, and, at the same time, has great penetrative power. After the reading of a paper on the invention, illustrations of the music emitted were given separately and in concert with the human voice.

A RICH American, in Paris, discovered that an unpleasant looking fellow followed him every day from morning till night. He became uneasy and diplomatic inquiry was made whether the man who watched him was connected with the police. As a result of much negotiation the unpleasant person was arrested, and proved to be a gatherer of butts of cigars. The rich American only smoked famous brands and only smoked them half up, and it paid to follow him.

THE most perfectly shaped man or woman is unsymmetrical—that is to say, there is a marked unlikeness between the two sides of the body. The two sides of the face (which is most seen, and, therefore, permits of more accurate study) will be found always to exhibit considerable differences. Probably no two sides of any human face are precisely alike. It is the same with every limb. No pair of limbs is shaped alike. One hand is almost always larger than the other; so with the foot; so with the leg and arm.

AMONGST other novelties at Nice, there has been recently established a dairy under the name of the "Medical Dairy," and it is stated that it has introduced a new system of taking medicine homœopathically, so as still further to carry out the minimisation of infinitesimal doses. Goats are kept, and when any patient requires a particular medicine it is first administered to the animal, and some of the milk is afterwards taken by the invalid. Some goats are kept for particular medicines, so that there is the belladonna goat, the arnica goat, the camphor goat, etc.

THE records of the exports show that readers of American books are to be found in all parts of the world. For books we received from England $95,686, and from Canada, who was our largest purchaser of books, $138,189. Germany paid for our books $26,516; France, $7,515; Brazil, $82,222; the United States of Columbia, $77,809; Japan, $32,664; the Argentine Republic, $23,821; Cuba, $23,779; Mexico, $16,207; Australia, $14,268; China, $8,758; Sandwich Islands, $4,627. Other countries purchased in amounts ranging from $100 up to the lowest sum specified above.

LOADING CANNON BY MACHINERY.—The Thunderer, one of the turret-ships of the English navy, is about to be fitted with guns which will be loaded by machinery, namely the hydraulic apparatus invented by Sir William Armstrong. "The gun," we are told, "is allowed to recoil after firing until it is entirely within the turret, by which time the muzzle is depressed almost to the level of the deck. The turret is then wheeled round away from the enemy's fire, the charge is raised to the muzzle of the gun, and is rammed home by a piston which comes up through the deck." In this way the ponderous mass, with all its tremendous potentiality, is manipulated at pleasure.

THE following statistics of the production and consumption of paper are furnished by a Vienna journal: It appears that there are 3,000 paper manufactories in the world, employing 80,000 men and 180,000 women, besides the 100,000 employed in the rag trade; 1,800,000,000 pounds of paper are produced annually. One half is used in printing, a sixth in writing, and the remainder for packing and other purposes. The United States averages 17 pounds per head; an Englishman consumes 11½; a German, 8 pounds; a Frenchman, 7 pounds; an Italian, 3½ pounds; a Spaniard, 1½ pounds, and a Russian only 1 pound annually, on an average. This would indicate that Americans are the most extensive reading people in the world.

THIRTY-ONE young ladies in Warsaw, Kentucky, have signed a new kind of pledge which reads: "We, the undersigned, ladies of Warsaw, desiring by our example to promote economy and to discountenance extravagance, and thereby lighten in some measure the burdens of our husbands and fathers by prudent retrenchment in our household expenses, therefore pledge our words of honor, one to the other, that we will not during a period of one year from the 1st of May, 1875, purchase any material for wearing apparel the cost of which shall exceed twenty-five cents per yard; and shall further promise to observe a strict economy in all our household pertinances, and cheerfully add by those delicate sacrifices to the general stock of home comforts—too often dispensed with for the frivolous outside adornment of the body alone."

To Owners of Horses and Cattle

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NEWS AND NONSENSE.

A NEW CONTRIBUTOR, B. DADD! In our present issue we give the first of a Series from a writer, who, under the above *nom de plume*, has been quoted and copied extensively. We feel assured that our readers will be gratified with this additional attraction which we have been enabled to secure for the columns of the POST.

SUN PICTURES.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

Under the sweet suns of our childhood, their colors first flashed upon us; and now, after all these years, they are renewed under happy spring-time suns, until they shine with almost the golden glory of the past.

There are bright, childish faces, aglow with health and happiness, such as is never seen save in the dawn of life; there are sweet, treble laughters, and musical shouts, floating hitherward over the hills of life that lie between; brown locks and golden curls crowned, both, with the fair field-daisies, whose little flower-faces were so familiar to us years ago; there are tiny hands stretched out to gather the greenest grasses that grow, by the bonniest of brooks; light feet that scarce bend the clover-leaves! All these were painted in memory's sunny halls long time ago!

And the days have gone by—one golden sunrise after another—sunset succeeding sunset—each day hidden away under the veil of the twilight—the years dropping silently into the ocean of the past; yet the pictures shine there still!

The bright little faces have grown older and sadder—sober with worldly wisdom—and the uplifted, eager eyes are shadowed by numberless disappointments; the laughters have turned to sighs, the merry shouts have died in silence; the curls were crowned with spring-blossoms when we saw them last, but the wind that stirred them blew over the little coffin; the stretched-out hands have been folded all these years over a pulseless breast, and the light feet are at rest. Yet on the walls of memory the pictures greet us still!

O, how many such pictures there are in every house—sun-pictures that will *never* fade!

Not all the buried treasures of all the world, can equal them in value.

Love has framed them with the purest gold, and our own lives are the background against which their colors shine!

Softly now the light of morning
Breaks a pathway through the night,
And with eagerness we picture
Scenes long vanished from our sight:
There the meadow, full of clover,
Where the yellow butterflies
Floated in the mellow sunshine
Under our delighted eyes;

There the fields, ripe for the harvest,
Where the mowers gaily sang,
And the tree from out whose branches
Tuneful note of robin rang;
There the wood where grew the wild flowers,
There the bank of violets sweet,
There the oak, where night and morning
Little Nan I used to meet.

Ah, how full the air of fancies!
I can almost see her now,
With her shy blue eyes uplifted,
And the sunlight on her brow;
There I crowned her with the roses,
Long ago, ah, long ago;
But the years have rolled between us—
O'er her grave the soft winds blow!

O, the distance! happy distance!
How it lends enchantment rare
To the far-off days of youth-time,
To the brows we thought so fair;
Though we walk with still contentment
Down the dusty road of Life,
Sometimes dreaming of the dew-fall,
Sometimes thinking of the strife;

Though the Future gaily beckons
Us, with magic on her lip,
Pointing to the golden autumn,
When the fruits of Life are ripe;—
Yet we linger, backward turning,
For no scenes are bright like those
That we gaze on, down the valley
Where the rose of youth-time grows!

OUR GOLD PREMIUMS!

In the circular letter sent to agents and canvassers, as an incentive to and reward for extra exertion, three Premiums in gold coin were offered, as follows: "One hundred and twenty-five ($125.00) dollars in gold to the agent who sends the largest list; seventy-five ($75.00) dollars in gold to the agent who sends us the second largest list; twenty-five ($25.00) dollars in gold to the agent who sends us the third largest list, by the thirty-first (31st) day of March, 1875—notice of which will appear in the POST."

Pursuant to the above we now announce that the said Premiums have been awarded and duly paid, as follows:

1st Premium, $125.00 in gold coin, to
C. S. MURDOCK, Ridgeway P. O., Orleans County, New York.

2d Premium, $75.00 in gold coin, to
J. W. BRIGGS, Postmaster, West Macedon, Wayne Co., N. Y.

3d Premium, $25.00 in gold coin, to
C. W. BENNETT, Quincy, Branch Co., Mich.

So satisfactory have been the results of our previous offer, we have determined to renew, increase and extend the same, believing, that in view of the depressed condition of business, especially in the country districts, some additional incentive and reward should be given to those who labor in our behalf. The coming season promises better results, and we trust all our friends will continue their efforts, and as a reward for *extra* exertion, we now make the following offer, viz:

For the largest list,		$100.00	in gold coin
"	second "	50.00	"
"	third "	20.00	"
"	fourth "	15.00	"

For the next seven largest lists, $10.00 each ($70.00) in gold coin; and for the nine succeeding largest lists, $5.00 each ($45.00) in gold coin.

Each agent is credited on our books with the name and number of every certificate issued.

Lists will close on the thirtieth day of September, 1875. Commence now and work up your clubs. No time to be lost if you wish to succeed. Specimen copies sent free on application.

The POST is the purest, best and cheapest Literary and Family paper in the United States.

THE FIRST BOARDER.

BY MAURICE EGAN.

The street was quiet and respectable. All the doors were very white, all the cellar doors of the greenest green, and the brass knobs dazzlingly painful to the sight. Even the dust heaps in the roadway, which the contractor had somehow forgotton, were wonderfully symmetrical, and the cobble stones—thanks to the daily sweeping they received from careful housekeepers—rolled and trembled under the horses' feet. I had stumbled on this street by chance. I did not then know that it is the one which has figured so delightfully in the charming "Studies from my Window."

It was refreshing to come upon this oasis after a long walk through the noise and rush of Market street and a couple of years' exile in the throbbing heart of New York city.

"Quiet, retired, genteel," I said to myself. "Surely there's a boarding-house here. It's just the place for a student."

And so we—my portmanteau and I—perambulated the street from end to end. We found one exception to the general rule of bright brass "fixings" and white doors. This was a substantial-looking house, with a walnut door, a bronze knob, and area railings. There were two silver plates on the door, both bran new. The small one, under the bell-handle, bore the legend, "R. Evergreen;" the large one in the middle of the door the announcement, "Boarding."

I rang the bell. The door was opened by a pretty, light-haired girl. But "opened" doors does not fully express the manœuvres of this young lady. The door was opened as far as an inner chain would allow it to go, and a little hand, holding a plate containing a couple of potatoes and some greasy substance, thrust towards me.

"Hurry! hurry!" said an impatient, girlish voice. "I haven't any time to waste."

"Excuse me——" I began, after looking helplessly about half a minute at the plate, the potatoes, and the hand.

"Oh!" And the plate was withdrawn, while a blushing face appeared from behind the door. "Oh, I beg pardon! I thought it was the boy—that is, old John always comes at this time, and—and——"

"All right," I stammered, awkwardly; "if I am not a beggar, I'm a boarder, and it's all the same."

Any other imbecile thing that I might probably have said was cut short by the ceremony of being ushered into the darkened parlor, and the vanishing of the guardian of the portal.

The furniture of this apartment, as I could see even in the dim light, was worn and old fashioned. Above the fireplace and the little spindle-legged piano were two large portraits, one of a resolute-looking man, the other of a gentle-faced woman, both attired in the costume of Washington's time. These, together with a certain Old World air that seemed to hang about the room like the scent of long-dead rose-leaves, prepared me to meet an unusual representative of that much-maligned class, boarding-house keepers. I honestly believe that, excepting lawyers and mothers-in-law, there are no people so dreadfully slandered as boarding-house keepers. What if they do give us hash? Is not hash——? But this is a digression, and a tough subject.

A middle-aged lady, dressed in black, entered. She was stiff and unbending in aspect, and the faint inclination of the head with which she answered my bow was exceedingly stately; but I noticed that her hands trembled a little, and that there was a look of suppressed eagerness in her eyes.

"I am Mrs. Rachel Evergreen," she said, with a note of interrogation in her voice.

"You take boarders, I believe?"

"Yes. Our house is too large for us."

"I like the street," I began, "and if your terms——"

She stopped me with a gesture of her hand.

"Before we decide about terms, we will exchange references. I"—with a perceptible increase of stiffness—"can refer to ex-Governor —— and also to Judge ——."

"And I happen to be well known to the same gentlemen," I answered, giving her my card.

She relaxed slightly, and we easily came to terms, by which I secured a bedroom and a tiny sitting-room off the parlor with a window looking on the street and a bay window at the side.

I was the first boarder, for, as I went upstairs, portmanteau in hand, I heard a girlish voice exclaim:

"Oh, Emma! I'm so glad! Aunt Ray has got a boarder, and he has paid in advance!"

Another voice said:

"Hush!"

But the first voice didn't seem to mind.

"I say, Emmy, we won't have to keep that old coat and high hat on the rack any more. We've a man about the house now, and there's no use of pretending. And don't you think we might take the chain off the door?"

"Hush! he and Aunt Ray are on the stairs!"

And then there was a slight giggle, and a rustle of drapery.

As I sat at dusk in the comfortable sitting-room, staring idly into the street, and waiting for the summons to tea, I saw a boy running briskly down the area steps.

"Mr. Squiggs says," I heard him bawl—"Mr. Squiggs says as I ain't to bring no more groceries here, nor pay no more 'tention to no orders of your'n, if you don't pay up to-night."

"Tell Mr. Squiggs," answered a girlish voice, with just a faint suspicion of tears in it, "that we will not trouble him with any more orders. My aunt will pay the bill at once, if you have it with you."

"Of course I have. You've got a boarder at last, haven't you? Oh, won't Mrs. Squiggs give it to the boss when she hears it! 'Josiah,' she said this very day, 'don't you go and be in a hurry about your money. Them stuck-up folks across the way has got a boarder, for I seen a man with a valise standin' on the steps.' Oh, golly! won't old Squiggs catch it!"

Here the loquacious youth's speech was cut short by an invitation to enter and receipt the bill.

I congratulated myself on having paid in advance, and fell into a reverie on the sufferings of genteel poor people who "keep up appearances."

The family consisted of Mrs. Evergreen and her two nieces, Emma and Bessie. Bessie was the light-haired one, and light is a better word than golden to apply to such hair as hers, it was so bright and fine and sunny. Her movements brought to mind Tennyson's "Airy fairy Lilian." Emma was brown haired and thoughtful looking, with some of those prim little mannerisms which people call "old maidish." The astute Mrs. Squiggs and all the neighbors had made up their minds, as soon as they set eyes on her, that she was "out out for an old maid."

However that might be, Emma had a lover, John Bradford, and the wedding-day was fixed, when Mr. Evergreen died suddenly, and it was found that his riches had flown away on the wings of speculation. Mrs. Evergreen was forced to descend from her pedestal of wealth, and her orphan nieces, who had been reared by her, followed her with brave hearts.

It was in vain that John Bradford, impatient and lover-like, urged Emma to become his wife at once.

"No," she said (she would have given half her life to be able to say yes)—"No; I cannot, John. Bessie is little more than a child, and knows nothing of the practical concerns of life. My aunt is too old to learn. Do you think I could be happy even with you, if I left them to fight the battle with poverty? No; I cannot desert them."

"Very well," he said, bitterly and unreasonably; "you have broken your promise to be my wife. It is useless for me to keep mine. Good-bye."

She watched him as he went, her eyes full of mute anguish. He did not come back.

It was in this way that Emma Brown lost her lover. With dry eyes she helped her aunt and Bessie to pack up everything that did not belong to the creditors, and the three moved into the house which the McPhersons had just vacated.

A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

A language which could be understood all over the globe, says a contemporary, would be exceedingly useful in science, commerce, and social intercourse. Enthusiastic philosophers have more than once tried to invent a universal language, but have not succeeded; and the students or traders who desire to communicate have still to learn a number of languages, or to betake themselves to translations. To overcome these difficulties a learned German, Dr. Bachmaier, has invented a method or correspondence in which numerals stand for words and ideas.

Assuming (in round numbers) that four thousand words are sufficient for all purposes, he prepares a dictionary with columns of numbers from one to four thousand, each number having a word against it which he represents in every language. For example, if the word fire is number fifty-two, the same number will stand against feu in the French, and against feuer in the German dictionary, and the same in any other that may be compiled.

From this it will be understood that an Englishman entirely unacquainted with French or German, might easily make a communication in either of those languages. He would look at his alphabetical list of words, and set down the corresponding numbers. The Frenchman or German would look at his list of numbers, and would set down the corresponding words, and thus have before him his correspondent's statement, and would have equal facility in answering. To make known masculine and feminine, nouns and adjectives, tenses and inflections, and other grammatical requirements, Dr. Bachmaier affixes certain simple marks to the numerals. He has already published three dictionaries—English, French, and German, and is at work on other languages.

A LETTER FROM LORD DUNDREARY.

[In publishing the following communication from Lord Dundreary we have taken the liberty of occasionally altering the orthography of our noble contributor, in order to realize that peculiarly aristocratic pronunciation of the English language, which is so eminently characteristic of his lordship.—ED. POST.]

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—When you went and pwinted in the jolly POSTS what I wote you about that pwoverb fellah I was doocid glad, and so I thought Ide wite you—pwaps—pwaps—tell you how a fellah feelth when he makes an ath of himthelf—all owing to Wagsby—you know Wagsby—well as I was a saying, any fellah feelth nervouth when he knowth he'th going to make an ath of himthelf.

But the fact is—ewewy fellah dothnt make an ath of himthelf, at least not quite such an ath as I've done in my time. I—don't mind telling you, Mr. Editor, but pon my word now—I—I've made an awful ath of mythelf on thome occathions. You don't believe it now—do you? I—thought you wouldn't—but I have now—*weally*. Particularly with wegard to women. To say the twuth that is my weakneth—I spose I'm what they call a ladies' man. The pwetty owenchaws like me—I know they do—though they pwetend not to do so. It—it's the way with some fellahs. There was George the Fourth—I never thaw him mythelf you know, but I've heard he had a sort of way with him that—that *no* woman could wesist. They used to call him a cam—what is it? a camelia—no camel leopard, no—chameleon isn't it? that attwacts people with its eyes—no, by the way that—that's the bwute that changes color—chameleon's *not* the word. What the dooth is it? Oh, stop—it begins with a B. By the way it's 'stonishing how many words begin with a B. Oh, an awful lot. No—no wonder Dr. Watts talked about the—the busy B. Why, he's more work than all the west of the alphabet. However the word begins with a B, and it's Bas—Basiloose—yes, that's it—stop, I'd better look it out in the dictionary to make certain. I—I hate to make mistakes—I do—especially about a thimple matter like this. Oh, here we are—it—it's Basilisk—yes, I've got it now—it's Bathilith. Let me see—where was I? Oh I rekomember—or weckolect—which is it? Never mind, I was saying that I was a ladies' man. I wanted to tell you of one successful advenchaw I had—at least when I say successful, I mean it would have been, as far as *I* was concerned—but of course when two people are engaged—or wather—when *one* of 'em *wants* to be engaged, one fellah by himself can't engage that he'll engage affections that are otherwise engaged. By the way, what a lot of 'gages that was in one thentence, and yet—it seems quite *fruitless*—Come, that's pwetty smart, that is—for me.

Well, as I was saying—I mean as I meant to have said—when I was stopping down with the Widleys, last autumn, there was a m os'ous jolly girl staying there. She had a wewy queer name, Miss—miss—Missmiss—no, not Miss Missmiss—I always miss the wrong—I mean the right name, Miss Chaffingham—that's it—Charlotte Chaffingham. I weckomember Charlotte because they called her Lotty.

Well, after breakfast we went out for a stroll, and somehow or other Miss Chaffingham paired off with me. She was a doosid stunning girl, you know. A fellah often talks about stunning girls, and when you see them they're *not* so stunning, after all; but Lotty weally was a doosid stunning girl—fair eyes and beautiful blue ha—no! blue hair and fair—I (confound it, I always make that mistake when there's more than one adjective in a thentence)—I mean fair hair and beautifully blue eyes, and she had a way of looking at one, that—that weally almost took one's bweath away. I've often heard about a fellah's falling in love. I never did so mythelf, you know—at least not that I weckomember—I mean weckolect—before that morning. But weally she did look so jolly bweaking her egg at bweakfast—so bewitching when she just smashed the shell all wound with her thpoon before she began to eat it—I, I weally began to feel almost *thpooney* mythelf. Ha, ha! there I am at it again: I weally must bweak mythelf of this habit of joking; it's wewy low, you know—like a beathly clown in a b-beathly circus—I oughtn't to have said beathly twice, I know. A fellah once told me, that if—if a man says the same adjective twice in one thentence he's taught ological. But he's wrong—you know—for *I* often do, and I'm sure *I* never was taught anything of the kind.

However—Lotty was a stunning girl, and we walked all about the lawn—down into the shwubbery to look into some bush after a wobin wedbweast that she said had built a nest there—and sure enough, when we got to it, there was this little weddin-wob—I mean wobbin-wedbeast looking out of a gweat lump of moss, and as it was sitting there wewy quiet, and thinking Lotty would be pleased if I caught it, I thwust my hand in as quick as I could, but you know those little wedding—wobbin—wedbeasts are so doosid sharp—and I'm dashed if it didn't fly out on the other side.

"You thtupid man," Lotty thaid—"Why—you—you've fwitened the poor little thing away."

I was wather wild at first at being called *thtupid*, that's a sort of thing—*no* fellah likes; but—dash it, I'd have stood anything from Lotty—I—I'd have carried her pwayer-book to church—I'd have parted my hair on one side—or—no—yes—I think I'd have even *thaved off my whiskers* for her thake.

"Poor dear little wobbin," she said. "It will never come back any more—I'm afwaid you've made it desert."

Made it *desert*—what did she mean by that? I thought she meant the eggs—so taking one up, I said:

"You—you don't mean to thay they eat these speckly things after dinner?" I said.

"Of course not," she weplied—and I think I had hit the wite nail on the head, for she began to laugh twemendously, and told me to put the egg quietly in its place and then pwaps the little wobbin would come back. Which I hope the little beggar did. At the top of the long walk there is a summer-house—though why so called I don't know, for I've been down there in winter and there it is just the same *then*. However, this—summer-house is built up of twunks of twees in what they call twellis work—all twisted together, you know, in a sort of wewy perplexthing way and lined with bark. Now I think of it—I think it's called—"wustic" work. However it's a jolly sort of place with a lot of ferns and things about, and behind there are a lot of shrubs and bushes and pwickly plants which give a sort of rural or wuwal, which is it?—bleat if I know—look to the place, and as it was wewy warm, I thought if I'm ever to make an ath of mythelf by pwoposing to this girl—I won't do it out in the eye of the sun—it's so pwecious hot. So I pwoposed we should walk in and sit down, and so we did, and then I began:

"Miss Chaffingham, now, don't you think it cool?"

"*Cool*," she said; "why, I thought you were complaining of the heat."

"I beg your pardon," I said, "I—I—can't speak wewy fast (the fact is that a beathly wasp was buththing about me at the moment,) and I hadn't quite finished my thenthence. I was going to say, don't you think it's doosid cool of Wagsby to go on laughing—at—at a fellah as he does?"

"Well, my Lord," she said, "I think so, too; and I wonder you stand it. You—have your remedy, you know."

"What wemedy?" I said. "You—you don't mean to say I ought to thwash him, Miss Charlotte?"

Here she—she somehow began to laugh, but in such a peculiar way that I—I couldn't think what she meant.

"A wewy good idea," I said. "I've a wewy good mind to twy it. I had on the gloves once with a lay figure in a painter's studio—and gave it an awful licking. It's true it—it didn't hit back, you know—I—I did all the hitting then. And pwaps—pwaps Wagsby *would* hit back. But if—if he did anything so ungentlemanlike as that, I could always—always——"

"Always *what*, my Lord?" said Lotty, who was going on laughing in a most hysterwical manner.

"Why I could always say it was a mithtake, and—and it shouldn't happen again, you know."

"Admirable policy, upon my word," she said, and began tittering again. But what the dooth amused her so I never could make out. Just then we heard a sort of rustling in the leaves behind, and I confess I felt wather nervouth.

"It's only a bird," Lotty said; and then we began talking of that little wobbin-wedbreast, and what a wonderful thing Nature is—and how doosid pwetty it was to see her laws obeyed. And I said, "Oh, Miss Chaffingham," I said, "if I was a wobbin——"

"Yes, Dundreary," she anthered—wewy soft and sweet.

And I thought to mythelf—"Now's the time to ask her—now's the time to——." I—I was beginning to wuminate again, but she bwought me to my thenses by saying:

"Yes?" interwoggatively.

"If I was a wobbin, Lotty—and—and *you* were a wobbin——" I—exclaimed—with a voice full of emothun.

"Well, my Lord?"

"Wouldn't it be——"

But just at that moment there was another rustling behind the summer house, and I thought I heard a thort of thtifled laugh. I started to my feet, and thnatching up the only weapon at hand—my umbwella (a jolly little green silk one, without which I never go out), I wushed behind into the shwubbery. By Jove! I never did such a thing before; and I'll take wewy good care it's the last time. The beathly bwambles caught me in all diwecthuns—about my coat—about my wethout—about my—in thort, ewewywhere—and one of those confwounded fungus things—a thort of imitathun muthroom, called a puff-ball—exploded under me when I fell, and covered me with powder. I was in an awful thtate. The worst of it was, I might have just as well stopped where I was. There was no fellah *behind* the thummer-houth; but, confound it all—when I looked in at the window there I thaw that bwute Wagsby talking to Lotty.

"What's the wow, Dundweary?" said he, gwinning at me out of the little window.

"What's the wow?" I said. "Why that the wewy thing I wanted to know. I heard a sort of—sort of wustling behind here, and I wushed in to see what it was, but I can't find anything at all except a lot of b—beathly pwickly plants and a muthroom that—that goes off with a bang by thpontaneous combustion."

Upon this he began to woar again—and said, "No, old fellow"—(I—I hate a man who calls me old fellow—it's so beathly familiar)—"All right," he said, "it was only Tow, sir."

"And what the dooth is Tow, sir?" said I.

"Towzer—my dog—he ran on before me after a rabbit, and chased it into the shrubbery—and here he is—lie down, Towzer—lie down, sir!"

And then I heard a great yelping and bow-wowing, and a howwid gweat Newfoundland mouthter rushed upon the scene.

It's wewy lucky I had my little gween umbwella with me, for the moment I came out of the shrubbery this disguthting quadruped—this Towzer—jumped upon me, and I had the very gweatest difficulty in maintaining my equilibwium.

"It—it's only his play, my Lord—down Towzer, down!" cried Wagsby, gwinning like a baboon.

"Hang his play, sir," said I; "conthider my waistcoat."

So he whistled and called the bwute away, and then explained that he had come down on purpose to fetch us back (confound him), as they had just awwanged to start on one of those cold meat excursions—no, that's not the word, I know—but it has something to do with cold meat—pic—pickles is it?—no, pickwick? pic—I have it—*picnic*—that's it—they wanted us to go picklicking—I mean picknicking with them.

Here was a dithappointment. Just as I thought to have a nice little flirtathun with Lotty—to be interwupted in this manner! Was ever anything so pwovoking? And all for a picnic—a thort of—of early dinner without chairs or tables, and a lot of flies in the muthtard! I was in *such* a wage!

"Don't you think you'd better look after your dog, captain?" said I; and while he went off to collar it, I took Miss Chaffingham under my protection, but Wagsby was close at hand, and of course I couldn't say all I wanted—I had lost my opportunity, and, I fear, made an ath of mythelf.

Could *I* help it? I thwow mythelf, Mr. Editor, on your mercy for an anthwer, and wemain

Yr most obedt. servant,
DUNDREARY.

NEWS AND NONSENSE.

BY B. DADD.

Baron Schickens is the new Minister from Russia. All puns on his name will be barren if not fowl.

A "Horse, Ass and Mule Banquet" was held in Paris recently, but the size of the ears of the guests is not stated.

The sweet fragrance of the apple blossoms, the singing of the robin, the reappearance of the loquacious lightning-rod man, and the odor of shad heads in the back-yard, all proclaim that spring is here!

In consequence of the coal miners' strike and the general stagnation in business, the regulation size of the diamond pin worn by hotel clerks at the seaside the coming season will be only the size of your fist—or just half the size of that worn last season.

A fashion gossiper says that "short and podgy women ought not to wear belts." And just as soon as a short and podgy women reads this she will order a belt right away—but she would sooner die an old maid twice a year than to acknowledge she is one of those kind of women.

It is stated that the most curious freak of one of the recent cyclones in Georgia, "was the driving of a hickory tree, two feet deeper into the ground." Hickory ashes make a very good lye, but some one has made a very good lie out of this hickory tree before it was reduced to ashes.

A near-sighted husband in Manayunk saw a large bouquet of flowers on a chair, and wishing to preserve them from wilting, placed them in a basin of water. When his wife saw the "bouquet," half an hour afterwards, she gave one piercing scream and fainted on the spot. Her defective-visioned husband had mistaken her new spring bonnet, with its copiousness of flowers, for a freshly culled bouquet.

A London letter says: "English aristocratic circles are much agitated over the marriage of the Viscount Hinton to a music hall singer." They make a ridiculous fuss about nothing over there. Unless Mr. Viscount is in the habit of coming home from the "lodge" at midnight in such a weak and demoralized condition that he doesn't know where he lives, he is good enough for her—though she might have done better.

A spelling bee was held in a Maine town the other night, at which the names of the lakes of that State were "given out." The first name propounded was Lake Pongugkwftgogug. The speller looked wildly at the pedagogue a moment, then braced himself more firmly in his chair, and loosened four of his front teeth in an unsuccessful attempt to spell it. He inserted a superfluous "g." Lake Hokakmoagkeagmuggervti retired another speller, and nearly unhinged his tongue. Number three wrestled with Lake Wammuniffpmpggtraiwf until her eyes hung out, and then resigned her seat with a look of blank amazement. She omitted the final "f." The next speller nearly dislocated his neck and the back of his chair on Lake Chickakikkugmosgmuaknaxon, and gracefully stepped down and out. He left out a "k." Number five essayed Lake Amoskagugfracktwmwstoxappiwungo, and split the back of his coat open from the waist to his collar. He went to the rear with a sickly smile, but offered to bet that he spelled it correctly. The referees said he didn't put enough "w's" in it. The next word was two yards and a half long, jammed full of x's and g's, and none of the spellers would tackle it. They said they would rather go home with whole jaws than with the best dictionary ever constructed—and home they went. The spelling bee was not considered an overwhelming success.

CONCERNING RESIGNATION.

We all know how a little child of three or four years old kicks and howls if it does not get its own way. We know, also, how quietly a grown-up man takes it, when ordinary things fall out otherwise than he wishes. A letter, a newspaper or a magazine does not arrive by the mail on the morning on which it had been particularly wished for, and counted on with certainty. The day proves rainy, when a fine day was specially desirable. The grown-up man is disappointed; but he soon gets reconciled to the existing state of facts. He did not much expect that things would turn out as he wished them. Yes, there is nothing like the habit of being disappointed to make a man resigned when disappointment comes, and to enable him to take it quietly. And a habit of practical resignation grows upon most men as they advance through life.

Resignation in any human being means that things are not as we would wish, and yet that we are contented. Who has all that he wishes? There are many houses in this world in which resignation is the best thing that can be felt any more. The bitter blow has fallen; the break has been made; the empty chair is left (perhaps a very little chair); and never more, while time goes on, can things be as they were once fondly wished and hoped.

But our times are in the Best Hand. And the one thing about our lot that we may all think of with perfect contentment and resignation is, that they are so.

There are briers besetting every path,
Which call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee,
Is happy anywhere!

LITTLE THINGS.—Life is made up of little things. He who travels over a continent must go step by step. He who writes a book must do it sentence by sentence. He who learns a science must master it fact by fact, and principle by principle. What is the happiness of our life made of? Little courtesies, little kindnesses, pleasant words, genial smiles, a friendly letter, good wishes and good deeds. One in a million, once in a lifetime, may do a heroic action; but the little things that make up our life come every day and every hour. If we make the little events of life beautiful and good, then is the whole life full of beauty and goodness.

IT is in vain to hope to please all alike. Let a man stand with his face in what direction he will, he must necessarily turn his back on one-half of the world.

KATYDID, OR DIDN'T.

BY REV. J. DILLON.

Did you ever lay awake at night and listen to two or more of those insects, perched near a tree close by your window, going on with their endless affirmation, and denial? Did you ever ask, Who was Kate? With what offence was she charged? And was she guilty, or not guilty?

Well, if the boys and girls of the Post will have patience to read the following little story, it will answer these questions.

Once there was a little girl, so the story goes, who lived a long while ago—away back in the "golden age," when birds, and animals, and insects, had the gift of speech, or, which is the same thing, when men were wiser than they are now, and understood the language of animals—whose right name was Catharine, but was, for brevity, called Kate.

She was a beautiful child, with full round face, with witching dimples in each rosy cheek; and from between her ruby lips shone two rows of teeth as white as pearls. Her golden hair fell down in natural ringlets over a neck and shoulders of the most delicate whiteness, while her full, clear, beautiful blue eyes sparkled with a light, and beamed with a love, that always put people in a good humor with themselves. She possessed such a wonderful and pleasing art of making people happy, that they used to call her Kate Sunlight.

When she had performed her duties, she loved to wander over the fields, and through the green woods, gathering wild flowers; feeding little birds from a stock of seeds and crumbs that she always carried with her for that purpose; or listening to their wonderful stories of far-away lands, their sunny skies, luxuriant groves, and their strange, beautiful flowers. While she would be listening to these stories, the shadow of discontent would sometimes gather on her brow. She would sigh because she had not wings, too. But it was only for a moment, and then she was herself again.

At other times, she would listen to the singular story of wood cricket, told in his quaint, old fashioned way, one minute filling her with laughter, and the next bringing tears to her eyes.

But a sad thing happened to Kate. One day as she was skipping through the fields, she accidentally stepped on a little field-mouse, and crushed it to death. She was very sorry for what had happened, and when she looked on the poor little mangled creature, she could not help weeping. But this, you know, could not restore it to life.

The report soon spread abroad that Kate Sunlight had murdered madam field-mouse. The insects croaked over it, and if one animal met another, the first question after exchanging remarks about the weather, was, "Was not that a horrid murder? Who would have thought that Kate Sunlight could have committed such a dreadful deed?"

The report, reaching the ears of the constituted authorities, a warrant was issued for Kate's arrest. When she was brought into court, convened under the spreading branches of a large old oak, she was very much terrified at first, at the sight of such a large assembly of strange animals; but, conscious of her innocence, curiosity soon took the place of fear. The first thing that arrested her attention was the court. The presiding judge was the Right Hon. Chief Justice Muttonhead. His caput was immersed in a huge wig, too large by several degrees for the purpose for which it was intended; and nearly lost in a flowing black gown, he presented such an uncouth and ridiculous figure that Kate could not help smiling. His associate, on the right, the Hon. Mr. Goat, was dressed in a similar manner, with the addition of a huge pair of green goggles straddled over his nose, which he wore on account of weak eyes. It was very evident that Esquire Porker, his other associate, did not feel at his ease in his new costume. From the way he puffed, and the violent manner in which he fanned himself, it was plain to be seen that, had prudence allowed, he would have cheerfully exchanged his present honors for the pleasure of a cooling bath in the stream near by.

We have not time to speak of Mr. Crane, the clerk of the court, with the ends of his blue cravat falling down on his white breast; nor of the host of lawyers, assembled from all parts, either to hear the trial, or to take part in it; nor of the smaller animals who, influenced by curiosity, had come as spectators, and were now gamboling, or merrily chatting on the outskirts; nor yet of the birds of every feather nestled among the branches, and deeply sympathizing with Kate, for not one of them believed her to be guilty.

After sheriff Mastiff had called the court to order, the judge inquired of Kate "whom she had chosen to conduct her defence." She modestly replied that she had no counsel. The judge then addressing the lawyers, asked, "Will some member of the bar be good enough to take charge of the defence?" After a moment's silence, Esquire Wolf offered his services, which were accepted.

A jury, selected from the family of the Clenda, each dressed in a pale green suit, were duly examined and sworn, and then took their position on the body of a fallen tree.

Giving his wig a peculiar twitch, turning it half round on his head, so diverting Esq. Goat that his goggles fell off, the judge said, "The prisoner at the bar will stand up and hear the charge upon which she has been arrested." Mr. Crane, the clerk, then majestically stepped forward a few paces, and in a shrill, croaking voice, jarring on the nerves like the filing of a saw, read the following: "Kate Sunlight, you are charged with feloniously crushing to death with your foot our worthy citizen, madam field-mouse, for which you are now to answer to this court. What say you, guilty, or not guilty?" Knowing nothing of the rules of court, and before her counsel had time to speak, Kate, in a clear, distinct voice, loud enough to be heard by all present, respouded, "Not guilty."

The prosecuting attorney, the Hon. Mr. Fox, then commenced proceedings by calling to the witness stand, Mr. Hare, foreman of the jury of inquest. He certified that he, and his fellow jurors, had found the body of Madam Field-mouse, crushed and mangled; but that he could not say whether the deed had been feloniously committed on the part of the prisoner, or whether it was the result of accident.

The principal witnesses, however, on whose testimony the counsel for the crown mainly depended, were a surly, blear-eyed, old tom-cat, and a thieving old rat. Grimalkin swore that he knew the prisoner at the bar to be an enemy to the whole animal kingdom; and that, as it regarded himself, he had, on several occasions, barely escaped from her vengeance with his life.

"I wish to inquire of the venerable witness before he takes his seat," said Kate's counsel, "if he has reference to the several occasions in which he was caught in the spring-house feloniously skimming the milk-pans, and from which he was forcibly ejected by sundry well-laid-on blows of a broom handle?"

The prosecution objected to this question. A long debate ensued. But appeal being made to the judge, he very learnedly decided that the question was legitimate, and the defence had a right to show, if he could, that witnesses, in giving in their testimony, were influenced by ill-will toward the prisoner.

This decision subjected Mr. Rat to a searching cross-examination. It was dragged out of him that he had been caught in the pantry more than once stealing cheese, and the broken head and fractured paw of which he complained, were the results of his thieving propensity.

Witnesses for the defence all certified to her good character; related many of her acts of kindness to little birds and animals; all agreed that they believed her to be incapable of the crime with which she was charged.

In a speech, in which he displayed more cunning than learning, Mr. Fox addressed the jury for over an hour; appealing to their passions by giving an affecting account of the murder, and then, with his eyes swimming in tears, he drew a sad picture of the hapless little orphans who, he continued, by the atrocious act of the prisoner, have been deprived of their natural guardian, a kind, good and loving mother. He closed by saying that he could not see how they could reconcile it with their consciences, and with the oath they had taken, if they were to allow such heinous crimes to go unpunished.

His speech had a powerful effect on the minds of the jurors. And though the evidence on both sides was carefully reviewed by the counsel for the defence, the sophistry of Mr. Fox's argument exposed; his draft on the imagination, where testimony failed to furnish the necessary facts, made apparent; and the covering removed from his attempt to create sympathy; and though this exposure was followed by an argument, plain, pointed and logical, showing that the accused could not have been guilty of the crime for which she was then being tried, still it failed to remove all the effects of Mr. Fox's speech.

The judge examined the legal points involved, and turned the case over to the jury. They retired to the branches of a tree, and had been there but a little while, until the woods rung with their controversy. Six of them were in favor of conviction, and these sung out at the top of their voice, "Ka-te-did." The other six, in favor of acquittal, cried out just as lustly, "Ka-te-didn't."

Not being able to agree, they requested to be discharged. The judge, however, refused to do so until they would agree on a verdict. This they have not yet done, nor are they likely to soon. Three months every year, beginning with August, and continuing until the nipping frosts of autumn render it uncomfortable to be out at night—are devoted to the controversy. No new evidence is offered; no new argument advanced; but during the live-long night, in forest and grove, the endless chatter is kept up—"Ka-te-did, Ka-te-didn't, Ka-te-did, Ka-te-didn't."

Ever since that time these members of Cicada family have been called Katydids. And when you hear them in future, discussing the question of Kate's guilt, you will be able to form a correct judgment as to whether she "did," or whether she "didn't."

A Sermon on Push.

When Cousin Will was at home for vacation the boys always expected plenty of fun. The last frolic before he went back to his studies was a long tramp after hazel-nuts. As they were hurrying along in high glee, they came upon a discouraged-looking man and a discouraged-looking cart. The cart was standing before an orchard. The man was trying to pull it up hill to his own house. The boys did not wait to be invited, but ran to help with a good will. "Push! push!" was the cry.

The man brightened up; the cart trundled along as fast as rheumatism would do it, and in five minutes they all stood panting at the top of the hill.

"Obliged to ye," said the man; "you just wait a minute," and he hurried into the house, while two or three pink-aproned children peeped out of the door.

"Now, boys," said Cousin Will, "this is a small thing; but I wish we could all take a motto out of it, and keep it for life. 'Push!' It is just the word for a grand clear morning.

"If anybody is in trouble, and you see it, don't stand back, push!

"Whenever there's a kind thing, a Christian thing, a happy thing, a pleasant thing, whether it is your own or not, whether it is at home or in town, or church or at school, just help with all your might; push!"

At that moment the farmer came out with a dish of his wife's best doughnuts, and a dish of his own best apples; and that was the end of the little sermon.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.—The affections are the best and purest part of our nature. Love one another; in your homes, in all the pursuits of business and walks of life. Love one another purely, deeply, always. Remember it is the eleventh commandment—"Love ye one another."

We are born in hope; we pass our childhood in hope; we are governed by hope through the whole course of our lives; and in our last moments hope is flattering to us, and not till the beating of the heart shall cease will its benign influence leave us.

ZEKLE'S COURTIN'.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Zekle crep up quite unbeknown.
An' peeked in thru the winder,
An' there sat Huldy all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

Axin' the chimbly crooknecks hung,
An' in among them rusted,
The old queen's arm that gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The wannut logs shot sparkles out
Toward the pootiest, bless her!
And lettle fires danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

The very room, 'cos she was in,
Looked warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez th' apples she was a peelin'.

She heerd a foot, an' knowed it tu,
A-raspin, on the scraper—
All ways to once her feelings flew
Like sparks in burnt up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtful of the sceekle;
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk,
Ez though she wished him furder,
An' on her apples kep' to work
Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my pa, I s'pose?"
"Well—no—I come designin'——"
To see my ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es.
Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals act so or so,
Or don't, would be presumin';
Mebby to mean yes, and say no,
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust,
He couldn't ha' told you nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin:"
Says she, "Think likely mister?"
That last word pricked him like a pin,
An'—then he up and kist her.

When ma, timely upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kind o' smily roun' the lips,
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind,
Whose naters never vary;
Like streams that keep a summer mind,
Snow-bid in Janooary.

The blood clost round her heart felt glued,
Too tight for all expressin',
Till mother see how matters stood,
An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

When her red came back like the tide
Down to the Bay of Fundy,
An' all I know is, they was cried,
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

SIMON GIRTY,
THE RENEGADE.
An Historical Tale of the Border.

By CHARLES McKNIGHT, Esq.,
Author of "Old Fort Du Quesne."

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

A GRAND BORDER MUSTER AND BATTLE.

At the first break of dawn quite a numerous party started upon the river for Mingo Bottom, the general rendezvous and starting point of the Sandusky expedition.

The Yellow Creek scouts, headed by Andy Poe, came first, followed by Major Rose, mounted on his fine mare; Simon Kenton, alias Butler, on his way back east, to verify the wonderful news brought him by Brady; and, lastly, Jonathan Zane, who was to act as guide to the expedition. A small body of Wheeling scouts brought up the rear.

On arriving at "Mingo ford," they found that most of the volunteers had already crossed the river, and were encamped on Mingo Bottom, a rich and extensive plateau on the Ohio, a scant three miles below the present city of Steubenville. It was a very lively and exciting scene which then greeted the eyes of our party. An election for the position of commandant was just then going on, Colonel Wm. Crawford, of the Youghiogheny, beating Colonel David Williamson, the notorious leader of the Moravian forces and massacre, by five votes. Major Rose and Dr. Knight were to serve respectively as aid to Crawford, and as surgeon to the force—both having been detailed by General Irvine, of Fort Pitt, for that purpose.

The rest of the day was spent in idling or preparations for the morrow. The Half King's home on the Sandusky, distant about one hundred and seventy miles, was the object of the expedition. It was thought the trip could be made in seven days, and that the savages, by means of the great secrecy which had been maintained, would be taken completely by surprise. Fatal mistakes, both!

The formidable cavalcade, numbering no less than four hundred and eighty men—the very flower of the border, and mounted on the best and fleetest horses—moved early the next morning over the river bluff, and were immediately enshrouded in the vast wilderness. The fourth evening they encamped amid the deserted ruins of New Schubrun, the upper village of the Moravians, feeding their horses from the ungathered crops of the previous year.

Here they routed up and pursued two savages, who, however, escaped. All hope of secrecy was now abandoned, and nothing remained but to press on with all possible vigor. Five days later they reached the Sandusky near the present town of Crestline. Not an Indian seen since leaving the Muskingum! Was this a propitious or an ominous sign?

Soon after, according to the statements of Zane and Slover, the two guides, they were approaching the Wyandotte town, but strange that no signs of Indian occupation could be seen. Further on an opening in the woods is discovered. It is the town they seek. The horses are spurred into a rapid trot.

To the utter amazement and consternation of all, every hut was found deserted, nothing but a dreary solitude all around. The guides looked at the leaders with blank dismay in their faces. They had not the faintest suspicion that the year before the Half King had moved his town some eight miles lower down the Sandusky.

A halt was called at once, and a council of officers anxiously deliberated over the perplexing situation. It was the opinion of both Zane and Crawford that a return to the Ohio should be immediately made, as the absence of Indians and other suspicious signs made it highly probable that the savages were withdrawing before them and concentrating their forces. It was finally concluded that the force should move forward that day but no longer.

The company of light horse rushed rapidly forward and soon reach a beautiful woody island in the midst of a prairie which seemed to invite them out of the fierce heats of the June sun. They pause and rest, but finally strike out again into the open.

All at once they suddenly came in view of the enemy running directly towards them. Aha! Shaken up at last! Listen to those yells and whoops. The skulking copperheads! A fleet horseman flies to the rear to apprise Crawford, and all at once is bustling and animation.

We may explain here what not a single soul of that expedition then knew. Instead of their movement being kept secret, it was closely watched by a sleepless foe from the very first moment of its inception. Ever since the Gnadenhutten massacre, watchful Indian spies had been kept all along the border. The news of the present movement had been carried by fleet runners to the various allied tribes; and their towns were working like hives of angry bees.

Not, however, until the Muskingum was passed, could the savages determine where the dread blow was to fall.

Runners were then at once despatched to Detroit for immediate aid. The tocsin of alarm was sounded in all the towns of the Shawnees on Mad River, the Delawares, on the Tymochtee, and the Hurons, on the Sandusky. The squaws and children were quickly hurried to a safe place of retreat, and all the braves commenced to paint and plume for the war path.

It was, then, the combined Delaware force of Pipe and Wingenund, amounting to two hundred, that Crawford's videttes had encountered. These were just waiting with four hundred Wyandottes, under their great war-chief, Sharrs-ahotoh. Together they already outnumbered Crawford's troops, but this was by no means the whole.

The news of the discovery of redskins was received by the grumbling Americans with the most lively satisfaction. They leaped to their horses, hurriedly looked to their weapons, rapidly fell into line and spurred briskly forward.

Now the superior genius of Major John Rose first began to exhibit itself. As the opposing forces drew near to the dread conflict, his keen, dark eyes flashed with excitement; his demeanor was calm, cool and confident. As he scoured along on his blooded mare from point to point, carrying the orders of the commander, his intrepidity and fine martial appearance attracted all eyes and won all hearts.

The foe was now seen directly in front, taking possession of the grove on the prairie so lately abandoned by the light horse. A quick forward movement attended with hot, rapid firing soon drove the enemy out again into the open. The savages then attempted to occupy a skirt of woods on the right flank, but were at once prevented by Major Leet's command.

The renegade, Captain Elliott, who now made his appearance as commander-in-chief, ordered The Pipe and his Delawares to flank to the right, and attack Crawford in the rear. This manœuvre was executed boldly and skillfully, nearly proving fatal to the Americans.

The action now became general, and the firing was hot, close and continued, but the Americans maintained their position. The enemy skulked much behind the tall grass, and could only be picked off by sharpshooting. Big Captain Johnny, a huge Indian chief, near seven foot high, and of frightful ugliness, was very conspicuous in this struggle; so, also, was Simon Girty, who, seated on a white horse of powerful stride, could both be seen and heard in different parts of the field, cheering his Indians to the encounter.

At dark the enemy's fire slackened, and Crawford's force was much encouraged. They did not, until long afterwards, know that *their* safety lay in forcing the fight, Elliott's and Girty's in delay.

At length the foe drew off for the night, leaving Crawford in possession of the grove about which the battle had raged, and known in history as "Battle Island." The day had been sultry, and the volunteers suffered dreadfully from thirst. No prisoners were taken on either side, but quite a number of the Americans had been killed or wounded.

Both parties lay on their arms the whole night, kindling large fires in front, and then retiring some distance to the rear, in order to prevent night surprises.

Early the next day the battle was renewed, but only at long shot, and so continued during the whole day, but Crawford's position was plainly growing worse, and more untenable each hour, while that of the enemy was just contrariwise. Crawford wished to compel closer and more decisive fighting, but his men were exhausted by the heat and thirst, or sickened by bad water, and it was finally concluded to lay by and then attempt a night attack.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

A RETREAT AND A BATTLE—CRAWFORD MISSING.

A wonderful and disastrous change, however, soon set in. Then confidence soon turned to doubt, and doubt to dismay. Towards evening an outlying sentinel discovered a troop of horse approaching on a brisk trot in the direction of the Wyandottes.

They were Butler's British Rangers, and we now know, were from Detroit, although none of Crawford's men knew then, if they did ever, *whers* they were from. That British aid could come from Detroit, or from any other point, was never so much as dreamed of by any. It was now supposed they must have descended from Maumee or Sandusky Bay.

The tidings came to the Americans with startling and stunning force. A council of war was called at once. Even while they were deliberating, a large reinforcement of Shawnees from Mad River, about two hundred strong, was observed moving along in full view on their flank, and taking position with the Delawares, so that the trail our scouts followed ran along between two hostile camps. All over the prairie, too, small squads of the enemy could be seen pouring in from various directions.

Matters began to look desperate. British cavalry, with a cloud of yelling savages, on one side, and a strong force of Shawnees on the other. They were clearly outnumbered, two to one, and every hour was adding to their inferiority.

A retreat that night was instantly and unanimously resolved upon. It was to commence at nine o'clock, in four divisions. The dead were hastily buried, and litters were prepared for the dangerously wounded. Meanwhile the desultory firing was continued. The loud, hoarse voice of Girty was frequently heard in various directions directing and locating his different forces, and it became at once patent to the very dullest comprehension that he was preparing for an overwhelming and irresistible attack the next day.

At dark the outposts were withdrawn as quietly as possible, and the whole body was put in motion. Unfortunately the enemy early discovered the movement, and at once opened a hot fire. Many became panicky, and the retreat grew confused and precipitate.

It is a delicate matter for even trained veterans to retire in face of a superior and victorious army. With raw volunteers an orderly withdrawal is almost impossible. Great wonder, dark as was the night, that this hasty retreat did not degenerate into an utter rout; but, thanks to the officers, some order was preserved.

A great blessing was it that the enemy was also in confusion and some alarm. They were not so sure that a retreat was intended, and were fearful of a feint or a night attack, a style of fighting that redmen never indulge in if it is possible to avoid.

Unfortunately a number of horses now became hopelessly bogged in a swamp, and had to be abandoned. The rear suffered severely, while many parties became detached from the main body and straggled off, blindly groping their way through the black, tangled woods. Only about three hundred were found together next morning.

The unpleasant discovery was now made that Colonel Crawford, the commander, was missing, with his son, son-in-law and nephew; also Slover, the guide, and Dr. Knight, the surgeon. None had heard of them, and knew not whether killed, wounded or straggling. Colonel Williamson now took command and, aided constantly and most efficiently by Major Rose, strove to bring order out of confusion.

It would require a volume to relate the various adventures and vicissitudes, or the sad and cruel fate that befell individuals and groups of stragglers. Some of them are intensely exciting and interesting. We can only follow the main body, which marched steadily and rapidly along all that day. The British cavalry and a body of mounted Indians hovered in their rear, but did little damage.

That afternoon, as they were nearing the woods which bounded the Sandusky Plains on the east, the enemy began to press hard on their rear, and undertook a rapid flank movement on either side, with the design of cutting off all retreat, or of forcing a disastrous combat on the plain, before the shelter of the woods could be secured.

Our resolute little force was driven to bay just at the entrance of the forest, and doggedly faced about, their pursuers—all mounted but with no artillery—overlapping them on both sides, and painfully superior both in number and equipments.

Williamson and Rose exerted themselves to the utmost to organize a spirited and efficient defence. The latter, especially, flew from rank to rank, cheering and encouraging all by his skill, his coolness and his intrepidity. "It is not too much to say," wrote Butterfield in his admirable and exhaustive account of Crawford's Expedition, "that the undaunted young foreigner was the *good angel* of the American forces." "Stand to your ranks, boys," were his inspiring words sounding along the lines; "stand to your ranks, take steady aim, fire low, and don't throw away a single shot. Remember! every thing depends upon your steadiness."

The enemy attacked vigorously in front, flank and rear, but in less than an hour were forced to give way, and were driven off at every point.

The battle over, a driving storm swept along with unusual fury, wetting all the arms and drenching the troops to the skin. They continued the retreat, the enemy rallying their scattered force and following hard after.

Their firing became at last so galling that a complete panic would have resulted had it not been for the almost superhuman efforts of Major Rose, who enjoined upon the wavering lines that they must keep rank or not a soul of them would ever reach home. Order was at length restored, every now and then the front company filing to the left and taking position in the rear, thus giving each company its turn in covering the retreat.

Next morning, however, the enemy reappeared and hung for awhile in the rear, capturing and tomahawking two of the scouts; but just then, fortunately, the pursuit was abandoned. The last hostile shot was fired near where Crestline, O., now stands. Neither savage nor ranger was afterwards seen during the retreat; but many stragglers found their way back to the lines, and were received with welcome hurrahs.

The Muskingum was recrossed on the 10th, and Mingo Bottom was reached on the 13th, where some of the missing had arrived before them. They immediately recrossed the Ohio and dispersed to their several homes. Parties or single stragglers came in for days afterwards. The total loss in killed, wounded and missing, it has since been discovered, was less than seventy.

Col. Williamson, in his official report to General Irvine at Fort Pitt, writes thus of his aid, the gallant Major Rose: "I must acknowledge myself ever obliged to Major Rose for his assistance, both in the field of action and in the camp. His character is inestimable, and his bravery cannot be outdone."

Gen. Irvine, too, in his letter to Crawford's widow, says: "After the defeat, Williamson and others informed me that it was owing, in a great degree, to the bravery and good conduct of Major Rose that the retreat was so well effected."

Thus ended this twenty days campaign in the western wilds. The total failure of the expedition created incredible alarm and dismay along the whole border, which was now left more defenceless than ever, and for months after exposed to merciless marauds and scalping forays.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

COLONEL CRAWFORD'S CAPTURE AND ADVENTURES.

And where all this time was Colonel Wm. Crawford, the courteous gentleman, the brave and gallant partisan officer, the daring defender of the west, and the trusted, life-long friend of Washington?

Dr. Knight, in his thrilling account of his own escape, says he had not gone over a quarter of a mile in the general retreat before he heard Crawford calling out of the dark and confusion for his son, John; his nephew, William; his son-in-law, Major Harrison, and on his friend, Major Rose. Knight told him he thought they were all in front, and promised to stand by him. They both waited and called for the absent men until all the troops had passed, when the Colonel said his horse had given out, and he wished some of his best friends to stay by him.

By this time they were near the marsh, where they saw some volunteers vainly struggling to disengage their horses from the oozy bog. Crawford, Knight, and two others, now changed their route to the north for a couple of miles, and then east, directing their course by the north star.

They traveled all night, crossing the Sandusky. By daylight Crawford's horse gave out and was abandoned. That afternoon they fell in with Captain Briggs and Lieutenant Ashley—the latter severely wounded—and went into camp. The next day they were quietly threading their way through the matted woods, when several Indians started up within a few feet of Knight and Crawford.

As only three were first discerned, Knight sprang behind a black oak and was taking aim when the Colonel called twice to him not to fire. One of the savages then ran up and struck Crawford's hand, and another, whom Knight had formerly often seen, ran up to him, calling him doctor.

The party had fallen into an ambuscade of Delawares, Wingenund's camp being only a half mile off. Capt. Briggs had fired at the Indians and missed; but all succeeded, for the present, in escaping but Knight and Crawford, who were taken to the Indian camp. The scalps of Briggs and Ashley were brought in soon after.

As may well be supposed, the rejoicings of the savages at their late decisive victory had been immense. The allied forces retired to the Half-King's town to celebrate the triumph with all sorts of dances, orgies and ceremonies. The British horse were compelled to retire to Detroit immediately, but the Indian women and children came out from their hiding places, and the festivities were kept up for some time. Among the spoils were numerous horses, guns, saddles, lashing ropes, etc.

The first excitement over, a runner was sent to bring Crawford and Knight on to Pipe's town on the Tymochtee. Their doom was already sealed, but they were kept in total ignorance of their fate. As before stated, the burning and torture of prisoners was an obsolete custom among the Wyandottes, and the Delawares did not dare to so put them to death without permission from Pomoacan.

To obtain this the crafty Pipe resorted to a ruse. A runner, with a belt of wampum was dispatched to the Half King, with a message to the effect that they had a cherished project to accomplish and did not wish him to interfere, and that they would consider the return of the wampum as equivalent to his pledged word.

The Half King was puzzled. He narrowly questioned the messenger, who feigned ignorance. Finally, supposing it must be some war expedition against the border which the Delawares wished to undertake, he returned the belt to the messenger with these words: "Say to my nephews they have my pledge!"

This was poor Crawford's death warrant. On June 10th he and Knight, with nine other prisoners, were all marched off on the trail to the Half King's town. Crawford had been told that Simon Girty—who had scarcely reached Detroit with the Malott family before news of Crawford's expedition and Pomoacan's earnest appeal for immediate aid summoned him away again—was at the Half King's town. Girty was an old acquaintance of Crawford—some say a rejected suitor of one of his daughters—and at the latter's appeal he was conducted under charge of two warriors to interview the Renegade. The rest continued on.

Crawford saw Girty that night; very little is known of the conference, but a

Christian Indian, Tom Galloway by name, asserts that he heard the whole talk, and that Crawford had made to Girty an earnest appeal for his life, offering him a thousand dollars if he succeeded; and that Girty promised he would do all he could for him.

This being reported to Pipe and Wingenund only made them more determined on his speedy death.

Girty also told the colonel that Major Harrison, his son-in-law, and young William Crawford, his nephew, were prisoners to the Shawnees, but had been pardoned by them. True as to their capture, but false as to the pardon. The prisoners at the Half King's town, soon after Crawford's departure, were tomahawked and their heads stuck upon poles. It is certain they were not tortured to death.

Knight and his fellow prisoners meanwhile had been taken on to Old Town, and securely guarded during the night. Next day Pipe and Wingenund approached them, the former with his own hands painting all their faces black, a sure sign of intended death. Crawford soon after came up, and now saw the two redoubtable Delaware war-chiefs for the first time. They both came forward and greeted him as an old acquaintance, Pipe telling him in his blandest and oiliest manner that he would have him shaved (adopted), but at the same time he *painted him black!*

The whole party now started for Pomoacan's town, the two chiefs keeping Knight and Crawford in the rear. They soon had the inexpressible horror of seeing, at intervals of a half mile apart, the dead, scalped bodies of four of their fellow prisoners. To add to their horror and dismay, they now diverged off into a trail leading from Pomoacan's hut directly to Pipe's town. Their very last hope now died in their sad hearts.

On the little Tymochtee, where there was an Indian hamlet, they overtook the other five prisoners, and all were ordered to sit on the ground. Here a lot of squaws and children fell on the five prisoners with incredible fury, and tomahawked and scalped them all. One hideous old hag cut off the head of John McKinty, and kicked it about over the grass. The boys came up to where the horror-stricken Knight and Crawford were sitting apart, and frequently dashed the gory and reeking scalps into their very faces.

Again they were driven forward, and were soon met by Simon Girty and several prominent Indians, all mounted. Girty well knowing what fate had been decided for Crawford, had ridden across the plains to Pipe's town—let us hope to save him, if possible.

Those who contend that Girty was nothing but a wild beast, assert that he never interfered or intended to interfere; that he not only consented to Crawford's death, but took a fiendish delight in witnessing it. Others, having quite as good means of information, strongly assert that he did all he could for Crawford, but that that was not much.

The Delawares were obstinately bent on making the "Big Captain," as they styled Crawford, a victim and an example. The late horrible massacre of so many of their tribe on the Muskingum had rendered them absolutely envenomed and pitiless, and it is probable that no one—not even Pomoacan himself—could have saved Crawford. Girty was an adopted Wyandotte, and any strong or persevering effort on his part to defraud the zealous and infuriated Delawares of their revenge would not only have subjected him to insult, but to personal injury.

Joseph McCutcheon, in an article on Girty in the *American Pioneer*, asserts that he gathered from the Wyandottes themselves that Girty offered a large sum of money to Pipe for Crawford, which the chief received as a great insult, promptly replying:

"Sir, do you think I am a squaw? If you say one word more on the subject, I will make a stake for you and burn you along with the White Chief."

Girty, knowing the Indian character, retired in silence.

McCutcheon also asserts that Girty had sent runners to Mohican Creek and Lower Sandusky, where there were some white traders, to come immediately and buy Crawford off. The traders came but were too late, Crawford being then in the midst of his tortures.

Be all this as it may, if any efforts were made in Crawford's behalf, they were totally ineffectual. As the two prisoners moved along almost every Indian they met struck them with their fists or with sticks. Girty asked Knight if he was the doctor; Knight said yes, and extended his hand; upon which Girty called him a —— rascal and bid him begone, and afterwards told him he was to go to the Shawnesse towns.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE COST OF CONTINENTAL ARMIES.

Colonel de Valliere, the head of the Swiss School of Artillery, has published an interesting essay on the number of men maintained in the various great Continental armies and the expenses involved. Adding such reserves as may actually be summoned into the field, he makes the numerical establishments not very far from 6,500,000, of which 1,700,000 are allotted to Germany, 1,500,000 to France, 1,500,000 to Russia (excluding her Asiatic land forces as not to be counted on for a contest in Europe), 900,000 to Austria, and 750,000 to Italy. Of this number, however, he admits that it would be difficult in practice to call out the whole even in the German Empire. As to the cost per man of those actually in the ranks, he computes it at £48 in Russia, £47 in France, £40 in Germany, £37 in Italy, and only £29 in Austria. But as his special object is to reconcile his countrymen to their own militia system on military grounds, provided always that it be made a thoroughly efficient one of its kind, he has taken special care to point out that the Swiss roll (without landwehr) of 104,000 men would, even at the low Austrian price of regulars, cost £3,000,000 nearly, instead of a little over half a million. The essayist's general argument is, that the shortening of the line-soldier's time with the colors in all armies and the period of the training just voted in Switzerland, brings the two different systems into much closer approximation than is generally allowed.

MAN is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter; is he not also the only one that deserves to be laughed at?

A MAN may think he is nobly charitable because he forgives all possible faults and crimes—in himself.

IN THE WOODS.

In the woods when the young leaves budding
Whispered the spring time near,
When the spirit was light
As the sunbeams bright,
And fancy a sky was clear;
When the young bird's song
Woke an echo long
As the hopes that the heart held dear.

In the woods when the summer's glory
Was wreathed in light and shade,
Through each leafy bough
Clearer sunshine now
With fuller lustre played;
And sweet silence bent
With a glad content
O'er the hush that fulfillment made.

In the woods when the leaves were dropping,
Down dropping one by one,
As the hopes that fade,
In autumnal shade,
And droop ere their day is done;
And weary of life,
And weary of strife,
Sink down to the rest they have won.

In the woods when the winter hoary
Has spread his snowy pall
O'er a lifeless past,
That is laid at last
Where the night dews softly fall;
Where the moon shines fair
Through the branches bare,
And the heavens are over all.

A GIFT FROM HEAVEN!

BY PIERCE EGAN.

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "Violet; or, The Wonder of Kingswood Chase," "Her First Love," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XI.

SAFELY AWAY.

It was not without a certain degree of satisfaction, coupled with his excitement, that Harcourt found the boat leaping over the waves with the speed of a race-horse.

The strange, sprite-like girl held the tiller firmly in one hand and the sheet of the lugsail in the other, and he could not help noticing the dexterity with which she applied the one to the requirements of the other.

But he saw also that she observed the heeling over of the boat, so that the gunwale was at times level with the water rushing past it, and the dashing of the spray in heavy showers from the bow into the forepart, with a stolid indifference and unconcern which displayed a most unfeminine absence of fear.

At the same time, it evidenced an amount of practical knowledge of the dangers and difficulties by which they were palpably surrounded, that in itself was reassuring. Nevertheless, as every now and then a bullet whistled past his head with uncomfortable nearness, he suggested that they should stand farther out to sea, so as to avoid the chances of being hit, even if accidentally.

The girl responded with a derisive laugh:

"Better run the risk of they popguns than to be swallowed up in the Devil's Race, which swirls up to the rocks and into the cave yonder," she cried, shrilly. "I knows that race; we shouldn't be better than a bit o' straw in it. Besides, you want to get clear away from they on the cliff up there, don't you?"

"Of course," he answered, hesitatingly, and with an expression of apprehension on his features, as the boat lay on its side in dangerous proximity with the foam-speckled sea. "But are we not——"

"No we ain't," she interrupted, impatiently. "We are going straight for the Black Head yonder. T'other side of it is a little haven, which runs seven miles into the land, but we can shoot across its mouth and get ashore on the sands. We shall then have fifteen miles start of old Deb Keyne and the yelping lot above there. That will be fine, won't it?"

Harcourt heard another bullet whistle unpleasantly close to his ear, as it swept past him and plunged hissingly into the water, before he was able to express any satisfaction that he might have felt at the communication made to him; and, indeed, he was prevented making any comment by a wild burst of gleeful laughter from the weird girl's lips, and the approving remark, screamed lustily:

"Ain't such bad shots after all, be they?" Then she added, more soberly, "That's their last chance at us; we're out o' reach now."

As she spoke she gave a pull at the sheet, bringing the leach of the sail closer to the cleat, and the boat gave a lurch which almost hurled Harcourt out of it; but at the same time it sprang forward like a highbred courser under the sudden sharp infliction of the lash, and was very quickly well clear of the land.

"Now, squire, you take a spell at the sheet," she cried, passing over the end of the rope to him. "Hold on till I tell you to ease off a bit, or let go."

Harcourt shifted his position and did as he was told, feeling, from the cant the boat had over to the leeward side, a strong disposition to "ease off a bit;" but Giftie suddenly directed his attention to a series of undulating, long, sweeping waves, which, with immense rapidity, but without a break or speck of foam on their surface, rushed up to a wild gap in the pile of fantastic rocks, and there expended their almost immeasurable strength against the black masses rising perpendicularly upwards with a thundering reverberation.

"That's the Devil's Race!" she exclaimed, in a grave undertone; "and if it gets a grip of our keel, we shall look our last on the moon and stars. There's a whirlpool in yon gap which will give us up no more—never more! Haul taut on the sheet for your life!" she suddenly shrieked, as the boat abruptly entered upon the dense, smooth, black belt of water, and made it appear to him that the necessity for making the boat "lay down to it" was passing away.

His heart leaped into his mouth, and he exerted his strength with such a will, that had the boat not been a very stiff one in a wind, he would have capsized her. However, the girl's handling of the tiller averted a further possibility of that catastrophe, and for a few minutes there was a dead silence; but though Giftie's complexion underwent no change, Harcourt's features were blanched to a ghastly hue.

Once again they entered upon dancing water, and the danger was past. They almost immediately came abreast of the dark headland, which jutted out from the mainland into the sea, and as they passed it at a swift rate, Giftie pointed out on the opposite shore a stretch of silver-tinted sand, which was very plainly discernable in the moonlight.

"That's White Sand Bend," she exclaimed. "I mean to run the boat ashore there, and then——. Ah! yes, then! What next—eh?"

Ah! what next? That was a poser. Was this weird creature his daughter? If she were not, the "what next," as far as he was concerned, would have been to give her two or three pieces of gold on landing, and let her find her way back to old Deb Keyne's or not as she pleased; but if she was beyond doubt or within reasonable belief his child, he must take her under his protection.

But what was he to do with her in her present condition?

He gazed fixedly at her. She was handsome enough, in all conscience, and in the half obscure light of the moon he fancied he could trace something of the features of Floye—especially as they looked to him on the dread night on which he had so terrible a parting from her. In reply to her question, he said, abruptly:

"You know that you are a foundling, I suppose?"

"I ought to," she said, with a lowering of the brow, and almost plaintively. "I have been told it, taunted with it, often enough. I was found, a baby, at Parson Milborne's porch. You said you knew it yourself. You told Deb Keyne so."

"True; but she said my description was insufficient," he answered, slowly. "Did you never hear anything of any one to whom you might have belonged?"

"Belonged?"

"Yes; your parents of course."

The girl laughed in her shrill, eldritch-like way.

"Some said I was a witch's baby; some said the pixies dropped me where I was found. Dear old Dada Milborne said I was a Gift from Heaven; but old spitfire, Mother Milborne, said I was a babe o' Satan, and came from another place. She always called me Lucifera. And she used to beat me and kick me, and pinch me, and starve me, and when dada was not there, would weal me with a riding whip till my arms and legs were like lobster claws. She made me feel like a devil, and do all sorts of things. Then she called me devil's brat and sang psalms over me, for, oh! she was so religious, and whined and snivelled about me to dada; but how she would flog and lash me when he wasn't there."

Harcourt involuntarily anathemized her.

"But," he added, as soon as he separated his grating teeth, "there was some token found with you. What was that?"

"Don't know," she returned. "Nobody told me what it was. Mother Milborne would not, and Deb Keyne, when she was good-tempered, after I had brought her home a load of wood which Col Penreath had cut down for me, or a score of pilchards which he gave me for her, would sometimes say that I had a fairy bracelet, was a lady born, and one day I should wear fine clothes and ride in a carriage. Ah! she knew, she said, and I should make her fortune, too."

Harcourt examined Giftie's features again and again while she was speaking and gnawed his lip, and mused in deep perplexity.

"There could not have been two infants left at the door of the vicarage at the same time," he thought; "that is absurd. This girl, at all events, is just about the age. It must be the same. But what an object to claim! Can I ever make a young lady of her? If I had only known—if I could but have foreseen. Still, she will be a thorn in my Lao's side. I'll take her and do the best I can with her," he added, with sudden decision.

All the while he was musing the girl, in her turn, eyed him curiously and anxiously.

"What next? When we get on shore," she repeated, sharply and abruptly, after she had finished her scanning of his features, "will you be ashamed of me, and leave me again? You look as if you mean to do it."

It was wonderful how the brightness of her eyes concentrated on his and disconcerted him. She contracted her brows and set her teeth together.

"If I thought you would," she appended, with a dogged determination, "I'd put the boat's head about, stand dead on for the Race, and take you down the Pool with me, and look in its depths for those who Mother Milborne said made me."

"I'll not desert you, my girl, now," he answered, with rather precipitate promptitude. "I'll take care of you, never fear—perhaps make a lady of you. We shall see. Let us get on shore first, and ascertain how the land lies; we can soon decide what is best to be done afterwards. Do you think you could learn to be a young lady?"

She shrugged her shoulders, and said, in her strange, contemptuous fashion:

"Learn! Of course. Col said I could learn anything I liked."

"Who is Col?"

"Col! Oh, Col, poor, dear Col! My brother, to be sure," she answered, with a raising of her eyebrows and a pursing of her lips.

He started.

"Your brother! What do you mean girl?" he rejoined, sharply. "You have no brother."

"Oh, you are stupid. I mean Col Penreath. He always took care of me when Mother Milborne drove me out of her sight with a whip. I should have jumped from the cliff into the sea many times but for him. He taught me how to hide away in the rocks, to climb them and find gulls' eggs and samphire; and he used to take me in the boat fishing, to help him with the nets, and he taught me to sail while he hauled in."

"Oh, I see," said Harcourt.

"When I was starved he fed me with half his dinner, when the village girls scouted me he drove 'em away, and when the boys would hunt me he would whack 'em. I was so fond of poor Col—poor, dear Col!"

"Where is he?" he asked, with a feeling of uneasiness.

For a moment she shook with a tempest of tears, but she quickly dispersed them.

"Gone to sea," she answered, with a sigh. "Old Jan, his father, made him work like a dog, while he got drunk and spent the earnings, until he could bear it no longer. An outward bound ship put into the fishing bay yonder one day short of hands, and Col couldn't stand the temptation to get free from hard-hearted old Jan, so he entered himself and went away from this. So I've had to do my own fighting since."

This was a sort of clincher to Harcourt. He said no more, especially as he found they were nearing the shore fast. And then, not without a certain admiration, he watched this mere child, having the helm under perfect control, pilot the boat into a small creek, and run her high and dry on a bank of shelving sand.

"Let go and jump ashore," she cried, in a tone of glee, as, abandoning the tiller, she sprang up, and skimmed past him like a sea-gull.

He lost no time in obeying her instruction and following her example. She ran up the belt of sand and entered a gap in the cliff. There was a gradual ascent of rudely hewn steps to the summit, and as she proceeded to mount them she called aloud, with a sprite-like laugh:

"Come along, squire; let old Jan Penreath whistle his boat back."

Harcourt followed her as quickly as his stiffened limbs would permit. He had an unspoken dread of being pursued, and he was anxious to obtain some obscure shelter for the night, so that by the time the daylight dawned upon them he should be in a position to decide upon the course to be adopted, and then quickly place some hundreds of miles between them and the cottage of old Deb Keyne.

With alacrity she led the way by a narrow opening in some cliffs on to some high land, and thence by a beaten track to a turnpike road. She pointed out a lone house, partly sheltered by trees, at the roadside, and said:

"That's the One and All, where Col used sometimes to take me and give me a biscuit while he had some beer."

Harcourt glanced down at his attire, and rather congratulated himself on being garbed as a fisherman, seeing that poor Giftie was clad in such beggarly habiliments, so he said:

"We will go to the One and All. Remember, you are my daughter. You must tell the people of the house so, or they will think it strange for you to be with me alone."

"Why strange?" she demanded, with surprise.

He perceived at a glance that her question was put to him in purely innocent ignorance, and that he was in no position to enter into explanations with her. He therefore answered, evasively:

"No matter. Ask no questions, but do as I tell you——"

"If it suits me," she interposed, quickly.

"It must," he rejoined, with angry impatience. "We are in an infernal fix, and I don't see my way out of it. However, we must get over to-night, and to-morrow—a—yes, well, to-morrow. We shall see, I suppose."

On arriving at the little roadside inn he found no difficulties in his path.

The landlord and his wife were a stolid old couple who had not two ideas to clink together beyond their business. They let out beds and sold meat and drink, and if their customers paid for what they had, that was all they took heed of.

So Harcourt and Giftie supped, and had separate rooms, while in the morning they were sufficiently fortunate to obtain—for payment—a lift in a butcher's cart to a town about eight miles distant, and in the opposite direction to the village they had left behind them.

Here Harcourt found no trouble in providing for Giftie a change of garments, which made her more fitted to travel, and for himself he purchased a huge overcoat reaching to his heels, and a pair of jackboots coming up to his thighs. Money he had in plenty, and the sight of gold removed all obstacles which curiosity or suspicions as to the *bona fides* of the pair might have raised up.

A four-horse coach was on the point of starting for a railway station distant some twenty miles. Thence he could proceed to London by rail, and as soon as he reached the great metropolis, he assured himself he should have both time and opportunity to form and carry out some definite plans with regard to his strange little companion, to his own, and to Lao's future.

Once in London he was at home in the matter of stratagems. During the period when he first became acquainted with Floye he lived a life of artifices and contrivances, and deception was an art which he became a proficient in. He did not now, though he had not for so long a period had occasion to practice it, find any embarrassment in stating that he had been shipwrecked on his way to England, and thus account to the housekeeper of the hotel for Giftie's strange condition, and so obtain for her a kind of outfit essential for her to possess wherever he might place her by and by.

He was not a little surprised at the reserve she displayed from the first moment she was provided with a change of attire, even before she set out with him in the train for London. This was, however, the more remarkable after she returned with the maid who had accompanied her to purchase at a London establishment a complete change of ready-made clothing, and presented to him an appearance so wholly different as to make him for the moment doubt whether she was the strange, weird child he had brought with him from the mining village.

He had quietly told her the tale he purposed inventing to account for their apparel when they arrived in London, and he was soon convinced that, if she had not said aught to confirm it, she had not uttered a word to throw a doubt on it.

But her mien amazed him. She was, he knew, in her rags as erect as a steel shaft, but in her fine garments she moved with quite a carriage, and glanced at herself in the pier glasses with a haughty approval which confounded him, for he had hitherto only seen her display the very wildest antics.

"There is a resemblance to Floye in her—I can see it," he thought, encouragingly, to himself. "She will not be such a troublesome, unlicked cub as I thought I should find her. Can you read?" he suddenly asked her.

Her lip curled in scorn.

"As soon as I could walk I could read."

"And write?"

"Write! Aye, better than old Mother Milborne—almost as soon as I could form my letters, or I would have chopped my fingers off with the wood hatchet. I used to tell her so, and how she would hiss and spit and splutter at me like a hunted cat. Dear old Dada Milborne taught me to read, write and cypher, and to speak with propriety; but I have been very careless about all that since he was taken from me. Write! I should think I could. You should have seen the last letter I wrote to Col."

Harcourt started.

"What, the boy at sea?" he said, hastily.

"Yes," she answered.

"Ah, you must forget him."

"Not I. Nobody could make me do that. Forget him—forget poor, dear Col!"

She burst into a peal of wild laughter that pained his ears, and he saw in her bright, glittering eyes, fastened on his own, an expression which made him feel how difficult a task it would be to mould her into anything like docility.

She had in a wonderful sort of way adapted herself, with her new habiliments, to the manner and step of a young lady, but he saw that a chord had only to be touched to convert her again into a reckless, untamed creature, with what contingencies, it threw him into a cold perspiration to think of. She certainly possessed strong personal attractions, and that fact made the contingencies he feared only the more unpleasantly probable. She evidently would be influenced by circumstances, rather than be guided by moral platitudes for good or evil, and consequently he felt the necessity of temporizing.

"Well, well, child," he remarked, after a momentary pause; "we shall see. But you are intelligent, and quick to perceive a point."

He made a gesture at the tall pier glass, in which she had every two or three minutes been glancing at her altered appearance.

"You see the story that tells you. You are not the ragged finger-post of Pendragon any longer, and you will not be, unless you act in such a manner as will compel me to send you back whence I took you——"

"Was taken by me," she interrupted, with a sharp emphasis.

"The same thing," he replied, with a wave of the hand. "It depends upon yourself, I say, whether you will become a young lady, or go back to the low-bred people who brought you up."

The girl tossed back her hair, which had by her own will been suffered to fall unrestrained to her waist, and bent upon him an angry look.

"Dada Milborne was not low bred," she exclaimed; "he was a born gentleman and a clergyman—a good angel—and as gentle as one of the saints he used to tell me about. He would have made me tame and gentle, too, but for his wicked viper of a wife. It was she who drove me to be a tiger-cat to her—to pay her back all her punches, blows, and lies. Aha! she couldn't keep a bird, a pet dog, china ornaments, anything when she punished me. If it had not been for hurting Dada Milborne I would have set fire to the cottage and burned her up in it."

Harcourt wiped some moisture from his brow, for her supernatural eyes seemed to have an unnatural light playing in them, and their lustre received a strange accession, as, after a little reflection, she added, with a slow, deliberate emphasis:

"Perhaps I owe to you as much as I do to Mother Milborne. Tell me, are you my father—really—truly?"

He felt the burning, shameful blood rush up, flame-like, to his cheeks and forehead, and make his ears tingle again.

"That is a question we will discuss by and by," he observed huskily.

"I only want to say that I have been taught to believe him an awful rascal, and I don't think you look like one—you don't seem sharp enough. All the rogues in Pendragon had a sharp, cunning look. I should say if you had to get your living at cheating you'd starve."

He was about to say in self-defence that he had for a time lived by his "wit," but he checked himself, and merely added:

"Reserve your opinion about the—a—the authors of your being until you know the true circumstances connected with you. In the meantime I will take you to a person who I think I can induce to take charge of you for the present. You will be well treated—if not, I will give you an address to which you can write and let me know. I will soon change matters for you; but I must repeat and impress on you to forget Pendragon, and every one connected with it."

"Except Col."

Harcourt was about to anathematize Col, but he checked himself.

"What I mean is," he subjoined, "that whatever you *think*, do not speak a word about the wretched hole or people from whence I brought you. I want you to be thought a young lady, and therefore to act and to speak as one."

She reflected a moment.

"I think I should like to be a young lady. They *do* look nice here—so different to the squealing, jabbering cats in Pendragon," she remarked, as if speaking to herself.

It had occurred to Harcourt that the woman who had nursed the child of Floye, almost from its birth until he secretly removed it, would be the very person to afford to this girl a temporary home. She was a young, respectable married woman when he knew her, and he had no doubt she would be the very person for his purpose.

He remembered the address perfectly well, and, accompanied by Giftie, he at once proceeded to it. To his disappointment, however, he found she had gone from London, and lived in a village in Surrey, named Tattenham.

"It is close by the cottage of a person named Lavender, sir," said his informant; "but if you ask at the Flying Wonder, against the station, the landlord will point it out to you."

Within half an hour from that time Harcourt was on his way to Tattenham with Giftie.

CHAPTER XII.

A CLUE AT LAST.

"Ten years—and ten such long years—is, I am beginning to think, Floye, a term of sufficient length to any but an unreasonable conscience for the prosecution of a search, even involving such a point of interest as the one you have been engaged in. We have hunted nearly all England, and have not been rewarded with even the ghost of a footprint of a find. Heigho!—a—Floye—ahem—don't you think it is about time that we should remit the quest to the limbo of impossibilities, look circumstances in the face, and try to secure the happiness yet in store for you and me?"

"Dear, dear Regy, I do not wonder that you should have grown weary of my apparently hopeless task. I pray you to believe that I am grateful beyond expression to you, and have indeed often wondered that you have accompanied me in the fruitless chase so long."

"Hold hard there, Floye. That has the smack of refined cruelty about it. You know I would readily go to the end of the world any time to serve you, and you also know that it is the one wish of my heart to—to—accompany you to the end of my existence; but in this matter I sincerely believe that if there were a clue to the baby attainable, we should have had it before this. We have not even made a single discovery concerning that party with the straw moustache. What a liar as well as scoundrel he must have been, and if I had struck his track, I do not believe it would have been the only thing in the matter I should have struck; but he has faded out of knowledge, too, and why should you go on wasting the best years of a life which I would try in the future to make so happy as to compensate for all the suffering you have endured? Can't you give up the hunt and take me? Do try."

"True hope ne'er tires, Regy. You have not the same incentive to urge you to continue the search for the little baby girl as I have."

"Well, no; but I have a precious strong incentive to come across the fellow who tried to close his transactions with you in the river. Next to it is the hope I confess to nourishing, that I shall hear of his translation to the sulphureous kingdom of Old Nick, for on proof of that, Floye, you know you have promised not to withhold from me the treasure of your dear little hand. Now, now, forgive me. Your eyes are full of tears, and I am a thoughtless brute. I will not offend you again. As soon as you are strong enough to start, we will set off again, even if it be to Wagga Wagga, or any other equally remote spot."

"Dear Regy, you do not, cannot offend me. I only grieve that I should be such a trouble, such a burden, and, as it seems, so hard and unyielding. Yet, believe me, I am convinced that I shall discover my child, and also him to whom I am still united by the ties which can only be severed by Heaven or the law. When that day comes I will gladly and gratefully remind you of the promise I have given you, and strive to be to you all that I am sure you deserve from me."

"My dear, dear Floye."

"And now let me entreat you, Regy, to continue the search with me no longer. Go into the world, and enjoy the pleasures of life to which you are so well entitled."

"Floye, it would be a hard and bitter thing that would bring tears up into my eyes; but if you talk in that way, you will blind me with the salt water. Hurrah for our next trip. May it be luckier than the others. Where is a newspaper? I will look over the excursion list of the railway companies—it may give us a hint for new grounds to explore."

The reader will recognise in the two speakers Florence Egerton and Reginald Ringwood, and can gather from their conversation how they had passed the ten years of Harcourt and Lao's absence from England. Loyally, nobly, and most honorably had Reginald kept the promise he made to the poor, heart-broken Florence, and in all respects he had acted as a brother. She fully realised all his kindness, and could not, even to herself, express her gratefulness, although she constantly found herself indulging in that emotion, especially of late years.

Indeed, she knew not into what feeling it had merged, and possibly would not, unless Harcourt appeared to separate them, and then she, unfortunately, there was no doubt, would be in a position to ascertain that the affection she unquestionably entertained, and, in fact, cherished for him was not so sisterly as she innocently believed.

It was quite as well for both that it was so, for it made the relations subsisting between them comforting to her, and agreeable to both. Whereas, had the truth really flashed upon her, they would have become unendurable.

While Reginald Ringwood was consulting the newspaper with the object he had suggested, he suddenly cried out:

"Hallo! What is this?"

Floye looked up at this exclamation, and saw that his eyes were widely expanded, and his face suffused with a glow of scarlet. He was reading a paragraph with breathless avidity, and when he had finished it, dropped the paper on his knee, and said:

"The first star in the blank sky!"

"What do you mean, Regy?" she asked, her heart beginning to beat rather violently, for he looked so unusually excited.

"Listen to this, Floye," he replied, as he raised the paper, and clearing his throat, commenced to read aloud:

"A STRANGE KIDNAPPING.—*A great deal of excitement has been created among a small mining population in an obscure village near the western extremity of Cornwall by an event which undoubtedly is of an unusual character. It appears that about ten years ago a foundling—a female child—was discovered in the early morning within the porch of the parsonage of Pendragon. The church and parsonage house are situated on a bold promontory about half a mile from the village mentioned above, and the rector adopted the child, which, however, we are informed, poorly repaid his Christian charity. It grew up an elfish, wayward thing, and proved a source of continual trouble to the rector and his lady, who both died about two years since, leaving the waif in charge of an old and faithful servant, with some scant means of support, and a few articles by which the child could be identified, if ever claimed, by either of its unnatural parents, who, there is reason to suppose, were persons holding no mean position in society. Not many days back a stranger in the garb of a gentleman presented himself before the old servant and claimed the child; but she refused to part with it, as he was unable to furnish her with sufficient proofs of identification. He, however, by some means, a few hours afterwards, enticed the child from the cottage in which it dwelt, and conveyed her, by means of a boat which he possessed himself of across the haven of Sennery, where, although they were hotly pursued by the enraged villagers along the coast, they managed to elude observation. We may state that the boat a day or two afterwards was discovered by its owner, a fisherman named Penreath, adrift and tenantless, at sea. As the coast is most dangerous, it is rather feared both have perished.*"

He replaced the paper on his knee, and looked questioningly at her. Her eyes were fastened upon the blue sky, as though it were a mirror in which she could see all the events he had been narrating depicted, and her features white and rigid, like those of one utterly absorbed in listening to the faint beatings of long-expected footsteps.

She rose up as he ceased.

"It is my child," she said, in a strange calm, resolute voice. "Come, Regy let us go and claim her."

"Whither?" he asked, with the slightest elevation of his eyebrows.

"To that parsonage—to the village of Pendragon, where she was cruelly deserted, and, as I am sure, so cruelly reared. Come, let us depart at once."

He rose up, too.

"But," he remarked, deprecatingly, "she has been taken thence, and perhaps——"

His voice died suddenly away, for she caught him by the wrist with a tight

grip, and her usually quiet, pensive eyes gleamed brilliantly.

"It is she! She lives! I feel—know that!" she cried, almost hoarsely. "I will search for her—find her—take her to my longing heart, never more to be an selfish, wayward thing—a trouble, but a creature loving and beloved. It is the first clue I have yet had. Heaven has given it me. Shall I not take it, follow it out step by step, inch by inch, until I reach her, and make her my own—my own—my own darling."

A whirlwind of tears, and as they held their tempestuous sway, womanlike, she informed Reginald, in spasmodic utterances, that she would not further tax his kindness, which had been so long and continuously evinced; but she would proceed on her errand alone, and she had no doubt that heaven, as it had hitherto done, would befriend and protect her.

He, of course, manlike, became at once indignant at the notion of his loyalty to her cause being doubted, and proved his sincerity by managing matters so that in less than two hours they were *en route* to Pendragon.

However long and wearying a journey may be during its progress, it comes to an end at last. The following day, while the sun was yet drawing up the white haze from the all but motionless sea, Floye and Reginald stood at the porch of the little parsonage, where ten years before Harcourt had deposited her child, and left it to the mercy of fate.

Floye pressed both her hands to her heart as the door opened sharply, and she beheld a hard-visaged woman, who looked the epitome of curtness and uncommunicativeness. She parted her lips twice or thrice to speak, but articulation failed her. Reginald, however, who had had no little practice in conducting this kind of inquiry, commenced practically by opening his purse first, and his mouth afterwards.

"Pardon me," he said, in a suave tone, "I have not the least intention of giving you any cause for offence; but I have no right to occupy your time without recompensing you. Please to accept this, and then, if you can, without as you may think committing yourself in any way, answer a few questions I wish to put to you."

He handed half a sovereign to her—a new half sovereign, which glittered brightly in the sunlight—and her face at once broke into wrinkled smiles, as a pane of glass stars on reception of a bullet. The half sovereign was a bullet to her. She would have taken the dust off his boots with her tongue there and then, had that been a condition.

It was not difficult, therefore, to exhaust all she knew in reference to Giftie, especially as it was not much; but one very important piece of information she did give.

It was a description of Harcourt. Floye recognized it with flushing cheeks and tearful eyes, Reginald with lowering brows, set teeth, and paler visage.

There could be no doubt they were on the right track now.

The woman also volunteered an important service, of which they gladly availed themselves. She offered to guide them to Deb Keyne's cottage, and that being accepted, she conducted them by a near way, which avoided the village, for, as she remarked:

"You ain't kem here to do harm to the piky's babe, I'll warn't, but the villagers yon be our'us people. They may mistrust you, an' they've a rough way of showing their dislikes as well as their likes."

Faithful to her promise, she placed them before the door of Deborah Keyne.

"I mayn't go in myself," she remarked, in a whisper, "for the old woman is not always quite right in her mind. She's got the foolish notion into her head that I have got the place she ought to have kept; so when she sees me she flings large lumps o' quartz at me, an' if I wur to go in wi' yon she'd make at me with a burning firebrand. So good day to ye, gentles, and thank ye for me."

Even as she spoke she disappeared with singular celerity. But perhaps this was owing to the fact that the door of the cottage was suddenly thrown open, and Deborah Keyne appeared upon the threshold before she had quite finished speaking.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FINGER NAILS.

If finger tips have language of their own, so have the nails, and the manner of keeping them is as eloquent as all the rest. Some keep them long and pointed, like reminiscences of claws; others bite theirs close to the quick; some pare and trim and scrape and polish up to the highest point of artificial beauty; and others, carrying the doctrine of nature to the outside limit, let them grow wild, with jagged edges, broken tracts, and tagnails or "black friend" as the agonizing consequences. Sometimes you see the most beautiful nails, pink, transparent, filbert-shaped, with the delicate, filmy, little "half-moon" indicated at the base—all the conditions of beauty carried to perfection, but all rendered of no avail by dirt and slovenliness; while others, thick, white-ribbed, square, with no half-moon, spotted like so many circus horses with "gifts" and "friends" and the like—that is, without beauties and with positive blemishes—are yet pleasant to look at for the care bestowed on them, their dainty perfection of cleanliness being a charm in itself. Nothing, indeed, is more disgusting than dirty hands and neglected nails, as nothing gives one such a sense of freshness and care as the same members well kept. But one of the ugliest things in nails is when they are bitten; which, to judge by what one sees, is a habit having irresistible fascinations for those given over to it. It is an action, by the way, that has more than one significance. It may mean consideration, doubt, hesitancy; or it may mean anger or annoyance; or, as a habit, it may point out to the not remote possibility of madness. In any case it is ugly to look at, and worse than ugly in its results; bare finger tips, with the protecting cover gnawed to the bleeding flesh, belong to the list of things mutilated and wilfully spoiled—therefore, taken out of the category of things ugly by nature, hence misfortunes for which the sufferer is in nowise accountable.

THE tombstones in the Turkish burying grounds are all flat, and contain little hollows which hold the water after a rain, and attract the birds, who resort thither to slake their thirst, and sing among the trees.

IT is beautiful, on a lovely day, to see the soft, sweet clouds driven like lambs through the blue pastures of the heavens.

AS GOOD AS HE GAVE.

"Speaking of shooting ducks," says Dr. F., "puts me in mind of the great storm that occurred when I lived on the island. As you are well aware, our island was near Cisco Bay; an awful storm arose, and was so fierce that it drove all the ducks in the bay into a pond, covering about an acre, near my house. In fact, so many ducks crowded into the pond that I could not see a drop of water."

"Sho," says Smith, "didn't ye shoot any of 'em?"

"That's what I was coming at. I went into the house, got my double barreled shotgun and discharged both barrels right into the midst of them, but to my astonishment they arose in the air leaving not a solitary duck on the pond."

"Good gracious! You don't say so," says Smith. "D.do't you have any shot in yer gun, or what in thunder was the matter?"

"Well, I was coming to that," said Dr. F. "It astonished me at first, but as soon as the ducks arose a few hundred yards in the air, and commenced to separate a little, ducks began to drop, and whether you believe it or not, I picked up twenty-nine barrels full, and it was a poor season for ducks, too. You see the ducks were wedged in solid on the pond, and when they arose they carried the dead ones in the air with them, and when they separated, down came the twenty-nine barrels of dead ducks."

"Oh," says Smith, "I am not surprised at that at all, or of the big lot of ducks you bagged, for it was an awful storm. I remember it well, doctor; I had at that time a corn barn full of corn; on the outside was a knot hole; and during the storm the wind blew so fierce that it blew every ear of corn right through the knot-hole; and the hole being just the size of a cob the imp was that it shelled every ear, leaving the corn in the barn, and the next morning I found my corn barn half full of shelled corn, and not a single cob. I had a curiosity to know where the cobs had gone. I went to the rear of the barn, and followed the line of these cobs over eleven miles, and at a distance of five miles a large first-growth pine tree stood in the track, and darn me if the wind didn't drive cobs into the tree from top to bottom. Oh, doctor, that was an awful storm."

"Yes," sighed the doctor, "awful."

A LITTLE TOO SHORT.

They were married in the morning, and immediately stepped aboard the cars for a bridal tour to San Francisco. They attracted considerable attention on the way by their honeymoon ways, and created a good deal of quiet fun among the goodly number of ladies and gentlemen who were passengers. In due time the cars entered a tunnel, and all for a few moments were enveloped in darkness. All too soon the cars emerged into the broad glare of the noonday sun, and our loving bride and groom were discovered locked in each other's arms and exchanging kisses at a rate seldom seen in public. The passengers took in the situation in about a second, and a shout went up that nearly threw the train from the track, and brought the conductor to the scene on the double-quick. "Pass it around," yelled a big man who was on his way West to get his wife. "Go back to the tunnel," said another man to the conductor; and as the newly-made husband settled back in his seat he was heard to say, "Sarah, I thought tunnels were longer. Darn a railroad company, anyhow."

THE PROPHETIC DEWDROP.—A delicate child, pale, and prematurely wise, was complaining on a hot morning that the poor dewdrops had been too hastily snatched away, and not allowed to glitter on the flowers like other happier dewdrops that live the whole night through, and sparkle through the moonlight, and through the morning onwards to noonday. "The sun," said the child, "has chased them away with his heat, or has swallowed them up in his wrath." Soon after came rain and a rainbow, whereupon his father pointed upwards. "See," said he, "there stand the dewdrops gloriously reset—a glittering jewelry—in the heavens; and the clownish foot tramples on them no more. By this, my child, thou art taught that what withers upon earth blooms again in heaven." Thus the father spoke, and knew not that he spoke prefiguring words, for soon after, the delicate child, with the morning brightness of his early wisdom, was exhaled, like a dewdrop, into heaven.

LORD BACON says:—"But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth; for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love."

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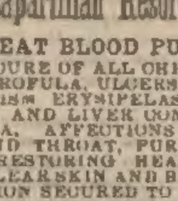

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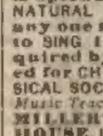

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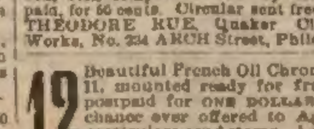

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The Boudoir

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

As the time approaches for the usual summer exodus from city noise and dust to country calm and greenness, or the freshness of the seaside or mountains, the question of deepest import that agitates the breasts of the traveling fair ones is, "How shall I arrange my wardrobe for this season?"

It is in reply to the many questions referred to us on this subject, that we propose offering in the present number a few suggestions relative to the important matter, and which, we trust, will meet the wants of at least two-thirds of the querists.

To those who propose spending the summer at the seaside we would advise the addition of one or two moderately thick dresses for morning wear and the damp, chilly days that crop out so suddenly and unexpectedly, even in midsummer, in our variable climate.

The general predictions concerning the coming summer, from the "wise ones," who ought to know, certainly, are that it will be an unusually variable one, as regards temperature; storms and cyclones of all kinds are prophesied, and if one may judge from the commencement of the year, there is reason to credit such assertions. Astronomers tell us that Venus is to blame for it. This, also, we can credit, knowing, from tradition, that this fair and mischief-brewing goddess has a very ancient prestige of stirring up commotions of all kinds.

Forewarned, forearmed, fair friends. Prepare for the stormy weather, and if it does not come, you will have the pleasant consciousness of a wardrobe ready to commence the autumn.

The shops are so full of materials suitable for such dresses—vigognes, debeges, serges and cheviot goods, in all shades of gray and brown—that it is really a difficult task to select from so tempting an array.

We think one is very safe in selecting from the serviceable debeges and serges. We will describe a very pretty suit in two shades of debege, pale gray, and brown.

The underskirt, trimmed with a kilt-pleated flounce of the gray debege at the bottom; above this a bias flounce of the brown, scantily gathered on; then another flounce of gray, pleated. The overskirt is of the brown, long and apron shaped; the front is slightly shirred, that is on each side of a band which is placed down the centre of the front, and ornamented with alternate rows of gray and brown faille ribbon. The back is in two sashes, which are gracefully draped by means of tapes beneath. The overskirt is edged with a bullion fringe of mixed brown and gray worsted. The sleeveless basque is of the brown, and has a postilion back. The sleeves are of the gray, and are slightly shirred on the outer and inner seams. Standing collar, or else deep Byron collar, if the neck is short, and the person short or inclined to *embonpoint*.

Another and very popular style of making such dresses is with the side-pleated waist, which may or may not have basque ends. The fancy now is to have only three pleats on each side of the front, and as many in the back, leaving a plain space under the arms, and giving a more elegant fit than when such a number of pleats were used. A drawing string in the back, concealed by the belt, adjusted it to the figure.

Another serviceable dress of this kind may be made of shepherds' plaid, which is shown in very pretty twilled goods. A black underskirt and sleeves should accompany this latter, as by that means a more stylish appearance is produced.

Another desideratum for cool mornings is a pretty sacque, of either white or gray corduroy or Turkish toweling, or else cashmere, braided in a contrasting color or darker shade.

There are so many patterns suitable for such made wraps, that we can only advise a selection of the one most becoming to the individual who desires it.

For warmer weather we would advise a moderate supply of batiste—undressed linen and percale wrappers, or else suits.

A supply of white lawn and linen shirt waists is desirable also.

By all means have one black alpaca suit—a good one. Its value is not to be lightly rated, since it can be made to do duty on so many occasions.

A black silk is also a necessity. We do not here suggest any special style for making it, since we have from time to time given so many.

One or two of the many pretty summer silks, which are now to be had for such moderate sums, will be found very useful, and a brown or dark blue silk skirt.

Do not forget a black hernani suit, and if the purse be deep enough, add an overskirt and basque of one of the many pretty openwork ecru or drab Mexicaines. This will look well over your blue or brown silk skirt.

In addition to your black, gray, or white chip hat or bonnet, we suggest a black or brown English straw walking hat, trimmed with a scarf to match, and a wing or two ostrich tips, for traveling.

A wide Leghorn flat, bent down in the back and front, and simply trimmed with a white scarf or black velvet, will be an article of much comfort on sunny days.

A waterproof, either dark gray or blue, made after the Ulster pattern, may be reckoned among the necessities; and also a duster of gray, undressed linen, made with a hood instead of a cape.

A soft summer shawl is very useful; and a nubia, or any of the light wraps for the head and throat of Shetland wool.

For children of six or eight years of age, the brown shades of cheviot and debege retain unaltered favor.

The kilt suits are made alike for boys and girls—except in the sacques, where for the boys it partakes more of the nature of a jacket, and has the addition of a vest.

Sailor hats of brown straw are the most popular style for both sexes; the brim is very wide, and well rolled up.

We trust that the hints given may prove acceptable; in our next we will speak more in detail of the costumes for little girls and school girls.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Martha Washington capes and fichus, of white organdy and crepe lisse, are all the rage. They are laid in folds, and have square tabs edged with lace.

Cheviot waists in stripes, with collar and cuffs of Oxford linen of a color to match the leading twist in the striped goods, are among the fancies.

Some of the most stylish neckties are of black and very dark blue crape, edged with ecru lace.

Very charming sleeveless jackets are made of alternate puffs of black and white tulle, with Valenciennes insertion between, laid over colored ribbon; bows of the latter adorn the sleeves and close the front.

Side pleated waists of gray, or blue, or black silk, are worn with different colored skirts, and trimmed with narrow black or white thread lace.

A novelty has appeared in the form of silver brocade. It is heavy white gros grain or faille, elaborately wrought all over in bouquets, done in silver thread, by machinery.

The very latest style of coiffure is to wave the front hair, and take it plainly back from the forehead, arranging the back hair in a low Grecian knot, held in place by a small Spanish comb of shell or jet.

Bridal slippers are now made of white satin embroidered in real or imitation pearls, according to the wealth of the bride.

White tissue veils, with almost imperceptible stripes or bars of a degree or two more of thickness, are very much affected by belles as "beautifiers."

Scarfs of white crepe and pale tints, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, are worn in the evening to concerts, etc.

White muslin ties are worked in Turkey red or sky blue.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. M. K. (Lexington, Ky.)—The plaid suits in camel's hair serge, and other light woolen goods, are very fashionable both for young girls and older people. A pretty pattern for your daughter of ten years of age is the box pleated blouse waist, which in its present form has overskirt and waist combined in one piece. We can furnish the pattern. No trouble to answer your questions; hope we may hear from you again. NINON.

MISS ANNETTE R.—We must positively decline sending samples of goods. State what you desire, what price you can afford to give, and we will purchase for you. Scarcely one of ten of our merchants are willing to cut samples from their goods, as the waste is enormous. It is not merely one, but hundreds of samples, perhaps of the some kinds of goods, that they would be called upon to furnish were they to comply with all requests of the kind made to them.

BESSIE L.—Your sample of hair can be very readily matched. It will cost about twenty-five dollars ($25.00) to procure such a braid as you desire.

AGES OF BUILDINGS.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon, who has done so much to unravel its mysteries and strange histories, contends strenuously that even as to "length of days the Tower of London has no rival," even among palaces and prisons; the origin of it, as he maintains, being like that of the "Iliad and the Sphinx"—lost in the nebulous ages, and in times long, very long, before our definite history took shape. Old writers date it from the days of Cæsar—a legend taken up by Shakspeare; indeed, the name of Cæsar's tower remains in popular use to this very day. A Roman wall can even yet be traced near to some parts of the ditch, and certainly some of the existing wall-masonry tells of Roman wall building "precedent." It is mentioned, too, in the Saxon Chronicle. A Saxon stronghold may indeed have existed on this very spot whereon the tower now stands. But the main and central building, as we before said, the white tower, was commenced by William the Norman, and the series of apartments in Cæsar's tower were certainly built in the early Norman reigns, and actually made use of as a royal residence by our Norman kings. What, then, says Mr. Dixon, enthusiastically, can Europe show to compare against such a tale? Why most surely nothing. Set against the Tower of London, with its eight hundred years of historic life, its nineteen hundred years of traditional fame, all other places and prisons—for it must not be forgotten that it was both the one and the other—appear like things of an hour! Very, very true, and what a thousand pities it then is that we cannot indeed see all this "antiquity"—or at any rate the remains of it. But, alas! there is but a mere ghost of it, all left. It may be interesting to note a few of the olden things of Continental fame and antiquity. The oldest bit of palace in Europe would seem to be that of the Burge in Vienna, date of Henry III; the famous Kremlin, Moscow; the Doge's Palace, Venice, are of the fourteenth century. The Seraglio, Stamboul, was built by Mahomet II. Next, the oldest part of the Vatican commenced by Borgia, whose name it bears. Then the old Louvre, commenced in the reign of Henry VIII; the Tuileries in that of Elizabeth. The Spanish Escorial belongs to the seventeenth century, while such palaces as those of Athens, Cairo, and the Persian Teheran, are all of them of quite modern date, so that it is no idle boast, the hoar antiquity of the London Tower Palace. Then, again, as to the "prisons," none of them, with the single exception of St. Angelo, Rome, can compare with the Tower Prison. The never-to-be-forgotten Bastille, of which, by the way, there are some curious records on paper, is a thing of the past, as all know. The Bargello is a museum. The Piombi, of poetic fame, are removed from beneath the Doge's roof. Vincennes, Spandau, Spilberg Magdeburg, are all modern compared with it. Again, we wish we could see this old Tower of London and compare things.

TWO KINDS OF GIVING.—There is more virtue in the small pittance bestowed by some poor, hard-working servant in charity, than in the thousands given by some millionaire, whose generosity is trumpeted the length and breadth of the land. In truth it might be questioned, in many instances, whether it were right to receive the mite so hardly earned, were it not that in this lesson of self-sacrifice "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

WISDOM.—He who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, none below him but for his vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place, but will frequently emulate men in stations below him, and pity those nominally over his head.

THE ascents of honor, however steep, never appear inaccessible.

REFRIGERATIVE.

BY MRS. S. L. OBERHOLTZER.

You loved me, did you? well
Pray how was I to tell
If you did?
You wrote a verse or two,
And vowed that they were true,
Then you slid.

Like silly valentines,
And crammed full of rhymes,
Were your songs.
I begged them to retire,
I held them in the fire
With the tongs.

You need not look so black!
Yes, I would give them back
If I could.
I cannot give myself,
No, not for all your pelf,
If I would.

The money made for me!
Why, that I cannot see
Quite so clear.
You thought I'd understand,
And waited your command.
Did I hear?

It's all a sad mistake,
And when you undertake
Next to plan,
Remember all the while,
A woman cannot smile
On a man.

Who wins not her respect:
And if you e'er expect
To be wed,
Just bear in mind rhyme
Strangles love for all time,
It is said.

THE QUEEN OF THE SPELLING MATCH.

BY ANNA MORRIS.

It was not a large company, only a few of Dr. Stanhope's friends, who had happened in to pass the evening, and the last public spelling match being the subject of conversation, Dr. Stanhope had proposed that they should all try their skill. The gentlemen approved, the ladies demurred. "They were sure they should break down, they never could remember anything when they wanted to," etc., etc.

"I have no Worcester's or Webster's Unabridged to offer as a prize," said Mrs. Stanhope, coming to her husband's assistance; "but I will give this as a crown for the victor," and as she spoke she displayed a lovely wreath of flowers. "It was sent in from the florist's this afternoon, and is certainly beautiful enough to be worth winning."

To this the ladies assented, and one by one agreed "to try, though they knew they should only make some ridiculous blunder, and be laughed at."

"But who is to be the judge?" asked some.

"Dr. Stanhope, of course," was the universal response, and just as the doctor was expressing his thanks for the honor thus conferred upon him, one lady exclaimed:

"That is hardly fair! First, the doctor proposes this plan, and now he is to have the opportunity to perplex us as much as possible. I suggest that he shall be judge on condition that after we have finished, he shall present the wreath to the victor, with a speech composed of the words on which we have failed, and as few additional ones as are absolutely necessary to make sense!"

This proposal occasioned much merriment, and all were now quite ready to join the ranks.

Dr. Stanhope laughed, and good humoredly remarking that he would not borrow trouble, for he might be summoned to a patient before his turn came, he produced a dictionary and spelling-book, and began to select his words, while the company debated and settled various rules and regulations.

The doctor soon announced himself ready, and the contest began, somewhat quietly and formally at first, but soon waking up to the fun of the affair, they grew excited. The words were given and spelled rapidly, and even recklessly, occasioning blunders in those most simple and familiar. Several of the contestants had thus been forced to retire, and the rest were spelling with the greatest animation, when there was a sharp ring at the bell. A servant opened the door, and a quick step was heard in the hall.

"It must be a caller," said Mrs. Stanhope. "Norah would have shown a patient into the office."

The door of the parlor was thrown open, and a gentleman appeared on the threshold.

"Ah! good evening, Mrs. Stanhope; good evening, doctor," said the new comer, with friendly greetings from most of the guests as he advanced into the room. "I am very sorry to disturb so pleasant a gathering, but I have just seen my aunt, Mrs. Hortons, and she desired me to ask you to come to her at once, as she has one of her ill turns."

"But she has them half a dozen times in a week, and invariably declares that I do not do her any good; and yet at the very next attack she sends for me in hot haste," urged the doctor, who was thoroughly interested in the spelling match, and regretted leaving it, even though he could thereby shirk the presentation speech.

"She is very anxious for your presence now," said the visitor, "and my uncle begged you would come."

Dr. Stanhope hesitated. He had not been many years in practice, and could scarcely afford to displease a rich hypochondriac, so after a moment's pause he said:

"Well, Bertram, if I must go, you must stay and take my place as judge. Tell him all about it, my dear," he added, turning to his wife, "and I'll return as soon as possible," and he hurried off.

A shower of explanations and protestations now assailed Mr. Bertram, and while he is being initiated into the mysteries of the spelling match, we shall have time to observe that he is a talented and remarkably good-looking young lawyer, a friend and classmate of Dr. Stanhope, and a frequent and welcome visitor at his house.

Some months before he had met there Miss Merton, a sister of Mrs. Stanhope, with whom he was much charmed; and the lady appearing to be equally pleased, Dr. and Mrs. Stanhope had built many an airy castle, all of which had lately been overthrown by a sudden and unaccountable change in Miss Merton's demeanor. She no longer welcomed Mr. Bertram, grew cold and distant, resented any inquiries from her sister or brother-in-law; always saying that if Mr. Bertram was conscious of having offended her, it was his place to apologize, but never giving him the slightest opportunity of doing so; and finally announced her determination of visiting another sister, where she had been for several weeks, and had now only returned to Mrs. Stanhope's for a day or two, preparatory to a longer absence with some former schoolmates, who, as they phrased it, were "dying for a visit from dearest Ada."

During her absence Mr. Bertram had resumed his visits which had almost entirely ceased when they seemed unwelcome to Ada, and as her return was unexpected, he was surprised to find her among the guests on his present entrance, and felt somewhat annoyed that his friend should have appointed him as his successor, and thus compelled him to remain.

However, as there was no retreat, he resolved to make the best of the situation, and having by this time been pretty well confused by the various explanations, he took his seat by the dictionary, and commenced his task.

The spellers soon grew interested again, with the exception of Ada, who had scarcely spoken since Mr. Bertram's entrance, and now spelled her words with a quiet coldness very different from her natural vivacity.

One by one the contestants failed. Mr. Bertram chose well, and it was really remarkable to see how much more frequently it was the displacement of an "i" or "e" in some simple word that caused the failure, than some difficult polysyllable.

It was not long before Mr. Bertram and Mrs. Stanhope came to one conclusion, that Miss Merton would be the victor, unless she purposely misspelt the word.

"She is too proud to do that," was her sister's mental comment.

"She will do it to avoid my speech," was that of Mr. Bertram.

Mrs. Stanhope was right—a general exclamation proclaimed Ada victorious.

"Now for your presentation address, Mr. Bertram!" they cried.

Mr. Bertram glanced at Ada. She sat quiet and unmoved by all the laughing and jesting around her. She was looking slightly tired and worn, he thought, but more lovely than ever.

He looked around the room—all relatives or old friends who had seen and deplored Ada's apparent dislike to himself.

"It is my only chance—I'll do it," he thought, and his eye met Mrs. Stanhope's, who nodded, as if she read his resolution and approved.

"Hasten, Mr. Bertram," she said, smilingly; "we are all impatient."

He slowly advanced to the table where the wreath lay, and placing it reverently on the fair young head that bent to receive it, he knelt before her, and with a slight accent on the words which had been misspelt, said:

"A *fortuitous occurrence* having *constituted* me Dr. Stanhope's *succedaneum*, I *seize* the *propitious* moment of your majesty's *triumphant coronation*, to implore your *clemency* to the most *loyal*, if most *undeserving* of your *vassals*."

He paused, and there was a breathless silence, while each waited to see what Ada would do.

She, on her part, was taken completely by surprise, but she had too much tact to allow that to be seen by the company.

She hesitated for a moment—perhaps the pleading look in Mr. Bertram's dark eyes decided, and then he really had offered an apology, "and at the first opportunity," whispered conscience.

At all events she extended her hand graciously, and said, with as queenly an air as she could assume, though her voice faltered:

"Rise, sir knight! On this auspicious day, we fully pardon all past offences."

"Does that include mine in breaking your favorite vase?" demanded Dr. Stanhope, as he entered, and in the general laughter at this ludicrous turn of affairs, the earnestness and confusion of the two principal actors escaped further notice, but Mr. Bertram did not take his departure that evening till he had ascertained that Ada's coldness was owing to the kindness of a mutual acquaintance, who overhearing some remarks of his, and believing them to refer to Ada, had repeated them, *with variations*, when in reality he was merely criticising the heroine of the latest novel.

So as "All's well that ends well," we suppose it is only necessary to add that Dr. and Mrs. Stanhope believe their castles now have a terrestrial foundation, and that Mr. Bertram is still the "*loyal vassal* of the Queen of the Spelling Match."

POLITICAL ECONOMY FOR LADIES.

Ladies, what is capital? Having more money than you know what to do with.

What is labor? Endeavoring to make your husband understand that you ought to have a new dress every week.

What is the meaning of demand? Insisting that you must have a month at Cape May for the benefit of your health.

What is supply? Your husband's giving you a check to cover your expenses.

What are profits? The mean of enabling you to keep up appearances.

What is division of profits? Your husband allowing you a certain amount of his income for your own use.

What is trade? The means whereby husbands are enabled to obtain the cash required by their wives.

What is credit? Running up a bill at your dressmaker's.

Of what use is credit? It enables you to get things without paying for them.

What is currency? Saying something about somebody else, and finding everybody doing the same.

What is a bank? A place where they cash checks.

What is a check? That which every husband ought to give his wife when she wants it.

What is a panic? When a wife finds that her husband has not sufficient to pay her milliner's bill.

[WHAT WE MAY EXPECT AT THE CENTENNIAL.]

Enraged Frenchman—"Cabman, you rob me, as you think I not fight; but you shall see. I—I vil—I vil blow your nose!"

Correspondents' Bureau

☞ All communications should be addressed to WALKER, REED & CO., Proprietors SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 726 SANSOM Street, Philadelphia.

☞ This Department will be found an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

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DECLINED WITH THANKS.—Evening. Looking Backward. Outwitted. Sensible Advice. What is an Old Maid. My Mother's Voice. Aunt Margaret's Visitor. Story of a Valentine. The Mysterious Robber.

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

TWO ORPHANS.—It is perfectly impossible, as we have said over and over again before, to answer a correspondent in our "next issue," simply because the "next issue" is at press before the query reaches us. Every letter is answered in its turn, without partiality or favor whatsoever.

A. S. C.—Remember the old adage that "Faint heart never won fair lady." You have had sufficient encouragement, from all you say, and we cannot understand how anyone can be so bashful and diffident as you have been. 2. We are sorry to say the back numbers you wish are all out of print.

T. W. BUTLER.—"What was the origin of the expression 'In spite of your teeth?'" King John, one of the Kings of England, once demanded of a certain Jew ten thousand marks, on refusal of which he ordered one of the Israelite's teeth to be drawn every day till he should consent. The Jew lost seven, and then paid the required sum. Hence the phrase—"In spite of his teeth."

BERTHA.—To oblige you, we give a receipt for making a good honey soap: Cut two pounds of common yellow soap into shavings, dissolve it over the fire with two ounces of salad oil. When quite melted, add a quarter of a pound of honey, stirring it till it just boils up; take off, and add three pennyworth of oil of cinnamon. Pour the whole into a deep dish to cool, and when cool cut it into squares.

HERTIE.—We won't laugh at you, because you are by no means singular in your rather poetic fancy that the singing noise of the telegraph wires is caused by the passage of the dispatches along the wires. The plain unromantic truth of the matter is that the electric fluid makes no noise in its journey, and that the "singing" sound you hear is made by the wind whistling through the insulators and causing vibration of the wires.

HOOKER.—Strictly speaking, perhaps, the *proper* way for four persons (two gentlemen and two ladies) to sit in church would be, as you suggest, for the gentlemen to sit at one end of the pew and the ladies in the other, but this would not suit in all cases; where the parties are married couples, it might be well enough, but in the case of lovers, for instance, we feel sure that the most sensible way would be for each gentleman to sit by his lady, and so give our decision accordingly.

E. E. A. (Philadelphia).—"Do please tell me if you know anything that will take away moth patches." We some time ago saw a remedy given for moth patches, which was said to be very safe and infallible, and at the same time most simple. It consisted of a tablespoonful of flour of sulphur, or, still better, of iac sulphur, ground, put into a pint bottle of rum. This mixture should be applied to the patches once a day, and it is said they will disappear entirely in a couple of weeks or so.

DYSPEPTIC.—"I have been told to be very careful as to my diet and not to eat any 'oleaginous' substances, but that all 'farinaceous' food is good for me. Do please tell me what are 'oleaginous' and 'farinaceous' articles of food, so that I may know what I may eat and what I may not." Under the head of oleaginous, or, in other words, fatty and oily substances, are animal fat, oils, butter, cheese, milk, vegetable oils, marrows, cocoa, etc. Farinaceous substances are wheat, barley, oats, rice, rye, potatoes, sago, arrowroot.

W. H.—"Will you once more publish Captain Vine Hall's recipe to cure drunkenness?" Sulphate of iron, five grains; magnesia, ten grains; peppermint water, eleven drachms; spirit of nutmeg, one drachm. These are the proportions. You may expand the compound to any size you please—say to ten times the quantity—in order to make enough for ordinary use. The dose is a wineglassful twice a day. It acts as a tonic and stimulant, and thus partially supplies the place of the accustomed liquor, thereby preventing the utter physical prostration.

SELF-WILL.—How is it possible for us to tell you how long it would take you to become a proficient telegraph operator? It altogether depends upon your ability, the quickness of your perception, and the amount of diligence and perseverance you bring to bear upon the study of the business. We have known of some cases where in a few months only the learner was so far proficient as to be able to take charge of a small office; while others again take two or three years, and even after all never become what may be called a "proficient operator."

CHECOLE.—"Can you inform me what was the origin of the word 'Whig?'" In the sixteenth century there arose in England a party opposed to the King and in favor of a republican form of government, in which the people would have a voice. This party adopted as their motto the words "We hope in God," the initials of each word combined reading "Whig," and were to designate the party. Thus the word Whig originally meant opposition to monarchical forms of government and friendship for republican government. It originated in England about a century and a-half before our Revolution.

INQUIRER.—The Scilly Isles, on which the steamer Schiller was lost, were the scene of a memorable shipwreck of a British Squadron under Sir Cloudesley Shovel, in 1707. On Oct. 22, of that year, this Admiral, returning from an expedition against Toulon, mistook the rocks on the coast of the Scilly Isles for land, and struck upon them. His ship, the "Association," in which were his wife, two sons, many persons of rank, and eight hundred men, went instantly to the bottom, and all were lost. Three other ships of the squadron, the "Eagle," "Romney," and "Firebrand" were also lost at the same time. The rest of the fleet escaped.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLAR.—"Why is it that certain words in the Bible are printed in italics?" These italic words generally consist of the auxiliary verbs, as *am, are, was, &c.* which in the original are not written, but understood. It is the peculiar genius of the ancient languages, especially Hebrew, Greek and Latin, to omit the minor words of a sentence; but as these omissions would sometimes give rise to obscurity, the translators have generally supplied them, and, for the sake of distinction, printed them in *Italics*. Thus in the Gospel of St. John, i. 6—"There was a man sent from God, whose name was John." The word printed in Italic is omitted in the original Greek.

DESPERATE.—"Is there any remedy for hay fever, or do you know of anything? I have been a victim to it for years, and have never yet been able to find anything that does me any good." We have been told that the following remedy cured a case where the gentleman had suffered from hay fever for twenty years, and the relief was almost immediate. Give it a trial, and if it proves of benefit, which we sincerely trust it may, all we ask of you in return is to write and let us know: Get a saturated solution of sulphate of quinine in water, in the proportion of one part of quinine to two hundred and forty of water, to be well shaken and applied to the nostrils while lying down, with a camel's hair brush, until you feel it in the throat. The vial may contain: water three ounces, quinine three grains.

M. E. B. (Newark)—The ethereal blue color of the sky is due to minute particles of matter which float in the air. Were these particles removed, the appearance of the sky would be dead black. It is a fact in optics that exceedingly fine portions of matter disperse or scatter the blue rays of light, coarser portions scatter red rays, still coarser portions scatter all the rays, making white light. An atmosphere is full of aqueous vapor, the particles of which diffuse white light in all directions. When these particles are enlarged, they become visible in form of clouds. The vapor particles of the white clouds are supposed to be finer and lighter than those of dark clouds. The diffusion of light in our atmosphere, the blue coloring of the sky and the colors of the clouds, are due to the presence of matter floating in the air.

LITTLE NELL.—The principal cities in this country have nicknames, and the following are some of them: New York is called Gotham; Boston, Modern Athens, also the Hub; Philadelphia, the Quaker City; Cincinnati, the Queen City; Baltimore, the Monumental City; New Orleans, the Crescent City; Washington, the City of Magnificent Distances; Chicago, the Garden City; Detroit, the City of Straits; Cleveland, the Forest City; Pittsburgh, the Iron City; New Haven, the City of Elms; Indianapolis, the Railroad City; St. Louis, the City of Mounds; Keokuk, the Gate City; Louisville, the Falls City; Nashville, the City of Rocks; Quincy, the Model City; Hannibal, the Bluff City; Alexandria, the Delta City; Newburyport, the Garden of Eden; Salem, the City of Peace; Akron, Ohio, the Summit City; Springfield, Ohio, the Champion City.

T. H. P. (Red Hook)—In taking a homestead, in Kansas, for example, you first select your land, then go to the Land Office, pay fifteen dollars and receive a receipt, and the entry is made. You have then six months from that time to make settlement on the land. On or before the expiration of this period of six months, you must move on to the land; if you have not been a soldier, you will have to continue four years and a half longer before you can get a patent therefor; but if you have been a soldier, the time of your service will be allowed to your homestead time. Or you can get a patent at any time after you have lived on the land for six months, by paying two hundred dollars; or any time after you have cultivated successfully for two years ten acres of timber, twelve feet apart each way. One hundred and sixty acres is the largest amount of land that you can take under any one act.

J. H. C.—The British Museum originated with the grant by the English Parliament, on April 5, 1753, of £20,000 to the daughters of Sir Hans Sloane, in payment for his fine library, and vast collection of the productions of nature and art, which had cost him £50,000. The library contained 50,000 volumes and valuable MSS., and 69,350 articles of *virtu* enumerated in the catalogue. The Museum was opened in Montague House in 1759, and has since been enormously increased by gifts, bequests and purchases. The number of volumes, according to the latest report at our command, was 650,000 volumes, exclusive of MSS. pamphlets, tracts, etc. There is a magnificent reading-room attached to the Museum, which alone cost £150,000, or $600,000. The height of the dome is 106 feet, and the diameter of the room 140 feet. The room contains 80,000 volumes, and accommodates 300 readers, each at separate desks filled with writing materials, etc., all free of cost.

MAY AGNES.—The superstition regarding the choice of gems for wearing is said to have originated in Poland. It is that the month of the nativity of every individual has a mysterious connection with some of the known precious stones. Hence the propriety in the selection of presents, or for wear, of the adoption of those jewels belonging to the month, which fate is imagined to have made significant. The following is the list for the year: January, jacinth or garnet—constancy and fidelity in every engagement; February, amethyst—peace of mind; March, bloodstone—courage and success in danger; April, sapphire and diamond—repentance and innocence; May, emerald—success in love; June, agate—long life and health; July, cornelian or ruby—forgetfulness; August, sardonyx—conjugal felicity; September, chrysolite—preserves from folly; October, aquamarine or opal—misfortune and hope; November, topaz—fidelity and friendship; December, turquoise or malachite—success and happiness in life. According to the proverb, "He who preserves a turquoise will always be sure of friends."

VIOLET.—We are very sorry that the article you sent us did not come up to our required standard. You ask us to give you "some hints which may be of service to you in the field you have chosen for yourself, viz: the literary field." We don't think we can give you any more to the point than the following, which we came across some time ago and considered worth preserving: 1. Be brief. This is an age of telegraphs and stenography. 2. Be pointed. Don't write all around a subject without hitting it. 3. State facts, but don't stop to moralize. Its a drowsy subject. Let the reader do his own dreaming. 4. Eschew preface. Plunge at once into your subject, like a swimmer into cold water. 5. If you have written a sentence that you think particularly fine, draw your pen through it. A pet child is always the worst in the family. 6. Condense. Make sure that you really have an idea, and then record it in the shortest possible terms. We want thoughts in their quintessence. 7. When your article is completed, strike out nine-tenths of the adjectives.

TOM THUMB.—"I have been trying to get the names of some of the most famous giants, ancient and modern, for a piece I am writing. Perhaps you can assist me in getting this information." There were the great Scripture giants, Goliah and Og. The former was six cubits and a span high, (1 Samuel, xvii, 4,) variously estimated to be from nine feet six to twelve feet. Og is supposed to have been even taller, from the fact that his bedstead is mentioned in Deut. iii, 2, as being "nine cubits long." During the reign of Augustus Cæsar, we read of two giants, Idusio and Secundilla, who were each ten feet high, and after their death their bodies were kept for a long time as a wonder. During the reign of Vitellius he sent Dariads as a hostage to Rome with presents, and among these was a Jew by the name of Eleazar, who was ten feet two inches high. Gabara, the Arabian giant, was nine feet nine inches high. The Emperor Maximus was eight feet six inches high. Jacobus Damium was eight feet. William Evans, seven feet six inches high.

RAGMAN.—Nearly eighteen centuries have rolled away since the art of making paper from fibrous matter, reduced to a pulp in water, was first discovered by the Chinese. The leaves of some trees, and the skins and intestines of animals, had previously been made fit for writing on; wherever the Egyptian papyrus was introduced, all these things fell into disuse, except parchment. But when the Saracens conquered Egypt, in the seventh century, papyrus could no longer be procured in Europe, and parchment became extremely dear. In China paper is mostly made from the inner bark of the bamboo, from cotton and linen rags, and from rice straw. The Arabians, in the seventh century, either discovered or learned from the Chinese the art of making paper from cotton; this they carried to Spain, where they also made paper from linen and hemp. The oldest manuscript on cotton paper is one which Montfaucon saw in the French king's library, bearing the date of 1050, but supposed to belong to the ninth century. Down to the beginning of the eighteenth century, cotton, flax and hemp were the only materials, except rags, used in the manufacture of paper. Cotton and linen rags are now chiefly used for this purpose, because they are more easily and cheaply converted into pulp, and furnish a better article when finished than other fibrous materials. But the comparatively high price of rags, and the enormous demand for cheap paper, have compelled manufacturers to turn their attention to other sources of supply; and for a century and a half past efforts have been unceasingly made to manufacture paper from the fibres of different species of vegetable substances.

MISCELLANEOUS.—RUSKIN.—You should submit your play to the manager of some theatre who is accustomed to produce pieces of a similar character. STELLA.—Your own sense of what is right and wrong should prompt you in the present case. It is not one in which strangers can advise. MARY H.—October 12, 1856, fell upon Friday. 2. Writing tolerably good. A. T.—There will be no impropriety in making such a present to an old friend. JULIA.—Have you no comparison on a hardworked editor that you ask us to re-write a recipe that we have written at least fifty times? Look through recent numbers for the information. H. R.—Take plenty of air and exercise, and also a teaspoonful of flour of sulphur mixed in fresh milk every morning for a week. M. H. D.—You seem to write without any care, although a very little practice would amend it. It must be improved before you are fit for the position you desire. FLORA.—It was an act of courtesy on the part of the gentleman that there was no impropriety whatever on your part of accepting. D. W. C.—You have chosen good subjects for your two poems, but have failed in carrying them out successfully. KATIE S.—It was unwise of you to accept his company for the second time without some pledge as to his intentions. G. B. WOOD.—You will probably grow three or four inches taller. 2. We should not advise you to have anything to do with the persons you speak of. You would be certain to be taken in. MARIA.—December 17, 1851, fell upon Wednesday, and March 18, 1851, on Tuesday. M. E. BROOKS.—Many thanks for your letter, and the poem you wish us to republish. Our space is so occupied, however, that we cannot find room for it, at present, at all events. EGLANTINE.—It will be better for you to forget him. The probability is that he never had any affection for you.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*